

AN
ANTIDOTE
Against
MELANCHOLY

Made up in PILLS.

Compounded of *Witty Ballads, Jovial Songs,*
and Merry Catches.



Q

To the Reader.



There's no Purge 'gainst *Melancholy*,
But with *Bacchus* to be jolly;
All else are but Dregs of Folly.

Paracelsus wanted skill,
When he sought to cure that Ill;
No *Pectorals* like the *Poets* Quill.

Here are *Pills* of every sort,
For the *Country*, *City*, *Court*,
Compounded and made up of sport.

'gainst *Sleep*, and *Fumes* impure,
Thou, thy *Senses* would'st secure,
Take this, *Coffee's* not half so sure.

Want'st thou *Stomach* to thy Meat,
And would'st fain restore the heat?
This does it, more than *Chocolet*.

Cures the *Spleen*, Revives the *Blood*,
Puts thee in a merry Mood,
Who can deny such *Physick* good.

Nothing like to Harmless *Mirth*,
Tis a Cordial on earth,
That gives *Society* a Birth.

Then be wise, and buy, not borrow,
Keep an *Ounce* still for to Morrow,
Better than a pound of Sorrow.

The Stationer to the Reader.

HAVING formerly published this Book of Merry Ballads and Songs, in fewer sheets, yet under this Title, the Impression (not being large) was soon bought up: And since finding it much enquir'd for, I was willing (for two Reasons) to give it a Second Birth, which I hope (by my large Addition, and a more perfect Coppy) will appear to the World much fairer. First some Covetous persons, who endeavouring to immitate that former Book, did publish things of that nature, and out of it stole here and there a Ballad and a Song, and also out of my late Printed Musick Book of Songs, and Catches, hoping thereby the rest of their Rediculous stuff might vend the better. But sure I am they have Printed most of my Songs false, and some but in part and pieces. My second reason was to answer the desire of several Friends, and most to vindicate my former Book, and to make it now more complete; by endeavouring to publish true Coppies, and those that were Ingenious both for Wit and Fancy: And though some object these are Old, to such who love New Wits there is enough abroad, but the Old agrees best with the Palet, and stomach of those who understand the difference.

*The Table of the
Ballads, Poems, Songs and Catches
in this Book.*

He Ex-ale-tation or Praise of Ale.	Pag. 1.
The Ballad of Arthur of Bradley.	9.
The Ballad call'd the Gelding of the Divil.	12.
The Ballad of the Green Gown.	15.
The Ballad of Sir Egle-Moore.	17.
The Ballad call'd Blew Cap for me.	19.
The Ballad in praise of the Caps.	20.
The Ballad of the Nose.	23.
The Ballad of the Blacksmith.	25.
The Ballad of the Brewer.	28.
The Ballad call'd the Wedding, by Sir John Sucklyn.	31.
The Ballad of Saint George for England.	35.
The Ballad call'd the Bulls Feather.	37.
The Ballad call'd Old England turn'd New.	39.
The Ballad call'd a view of London Sights.	41.
The Ballad Call'd News and no News.	43.
The Ballad of the Old Courtier and the New.	45.
The Ballad call'd the New Souldier.	47.
The Ballad in Praise of the Beard.	49.
The Ballad in Praise of a Red Nose.	51.
The Ballad of the Maying at Rumford.	53.
The Ballad call'd the Man in the Moon.	55.
The Ballad call'd Colins Adventure.	57.
The Ballad of the Good Wife and the Bad.	58.
The Ballad call'd the Faries Farwel by Dr. Corbet.	60.
The	

The Table.

<i>The Ballad of the Pig, by Dr. Corbet.</i>	Pag. 62
<i>The Ballad call'd the Tunbridge Doctor.</i>	63
<i>The Ballad of the German Doctor.</i>	68
<i>The Ballad call'd the Angler.</i>	71
<i>The Ballad on two Amorous Swains.</i>	73
<i>The Ballad call'd the Jovial Bear-ward.</i>	75
<i>The Ballad of the Famous Signe at Skool in Norfolk.</i>	77
<i>The Ballad of Old Simon the King.</i>	81
<i>The Ballad of the Maid and the Fryer.</i>	83
<i>The Ballad call'd the Politick Drinker.</i>	86
<i>The Ballad call'd the Reformed Drinker.</i>	87
<i>The Ballad of a Courtier and a Country Clown.</i>	89
<i>The Ballad call'd Cresada's Lamentation.</i>	90
<i>The Ballad call'd the Medly of Wooers.</i>	91
<i>The Ballad or the Welshmans praise of Wales.</i>	94
<i>The Ballad of Cooklorrel by Ben. Johnson.</i>	95
<i>The Ballad of Tom a Bedlam.</i>	96
<i>A Letany.</i>	100
<i>On the Downfal of the Mitre-Tavern in Cambridge.</i>	101
<i>On the Excellent vertue of Sack By Dr. Edwards.</i>	101
<i>On the Combate of Cocks by Mr. Tho Randolph.</i>	101
<i>On a Fart in the Parliament house by S. J. Sucklin.</i>	111
<i>The Amorous Welshmans Letter to his Mistrefs.</i>	111
<i>On the Choice of a Wife.</i>	111
<i>On the decay of good Hospitalitie.</i>	111
<i>Captain Squiers Letany.</i>	120
<i>A York-shire Trialogue in York-shire Dialect.</i>	120
<i>The Tobacco takers Song.</i>	120
<i>The Merry Coblers Song.</i>	120
<i>The Needy-mans Song.</i>	120
<i>The Pedlers Song.</i>	120
<i>The Cut-purse Song.</i>	120
<i>The Hay-makers Song.</i>	120
<i>The Scholars Song.</i>	120

The Table.

62		
65	The Beggers Song,	Pag. 133.
68	The Tavern-Song.	134.
71	Song call'd the Healths.	135.
73	Glee to Bacchus, by Ben. Johnson.	136.
75	Another Glee to Bacchus.	137.
77	A Pint of Sack, By Mr. Tho. Randolph.	138.
81	Praise of Wine, By the Lord Broghill.	139.
83	Glee in Praise of Sack.	140.
85	A taken Philips Lamentation.	141.
87	A Cold Chyne of Beef.	142.
89	A Roasted Chyne of Beef.	143.
90	Council to Batchellors.	144.
92	Advice to a friend upon his Marriage.	145.
94	The married mans Diet.	146.
98	Uias Complaint.	147.
99	The Mad Lover.	148.
100	An Old Knight to a Young Lady.	149.
101	Clins and his Love.	150.
102	A Coy Lady to a Young Courtier.	151.
103	The Bashful Lover.	152.
104	Freedom in Love.	153.
105	Advice to Cloris.	154.
106	Council to a Maid.	155.
107	The Doubtful Lover Resolv'd.	156.
108	The Merry Lover.	157.
109	Liberty in Love.	158.
110	A Clown to his Mistress.	159.
111	A Wife.	159.
112	A Tobacco.	160.
113	Upon a Welshman.	160.
114	The Tinkers Song.	161.
115	The last part of this Book contains 49	}
116	merry Catches which begin Folio	
		162.

9

In the Praise or Ex-Ale-tation of ALE,

I Ot drunken, nor sober, but neighbour to both,
I met with a Friend in *Ales-bury Vale*;
saw by my Face, that I was in case
To speak no great harm of a *Pot of good ALE*!

en did he me greet, and said, since we meet,
(And he put me in mind of the name of the Dale)
Ales-bury's sake some pains I would take,
And not *bury* the praise of a *Pot of good ALE*.

e more to procure me, then he did adure me
f the *Ale* I drank last were nappy and stale,
do it its right, and stir up my sprite,
And fall to commend a *pot*, &c.

oth I, to commend it I dare not begin,
lest therein my credit might happen to fail;
many men now do count it a sin
ut once to look toward a *pot*, &c.

I care not a pin, for I see no such sin,
for any thing else my courage to quail:
this we do find, that take it in kind,
uch vertue there is in a *pot*, &c.

I Mean not to tast, though thereby much grac'd;
or the *Merry-go-down* without pull or hale,
aming the throat, when the stomach's a float
ith the Fragrant sweet sent of a *pot*, &c.

yet the delight that comes to the *Sight*
o see how it flowers and mantles in *grail*,
een as a *Leeke*, with a smile in the cheek,
he true Orient colour of a *pot*, &c.

2 Pills to purge Malencboly.

But I mean the *Mind*, and the good it doth find ;
Not onely the *Body* so feeble and frail ;
For, *Body* and *Soul* may bless the *black bowle*,
Since both are beholden to a *Pot*, &c.

For, when *heaviness* the mind doth oppress,
And *sorrow* and *grief* the heart do assail,
No remedy quicker then to take off your *Liquor*,
And to wash away *caves* with a *Pot*, &c.

The *widow* that buried her Husband of late,
Will soon have forgotten to weep and to wail;
And think every day twain, till she marry again,
If she reads the contents of a *pot*, &c.

It is like a *belly-blast* to a *cold heart*,
And warms and engenders the *spirits vital* ;
To keep them from damage, all *spirits* owe their homage
To the *Spirit* of the *buttery*, a *pot*, &c.

And down to the *legs* the virtue doth go,
And to a bad *Foot-man* is as good as a *sail* ;
When it fills the *Veins*, and makes light the *Brains* ;
No *Lackey* so nimble as a *pot*, &c.

The naked complains not for want of a *Coat*,
Nor on the cold weather will once turn his tail ;
All the way as he goes, he cuts the wind with his nose,
If he be but well wrapt in a *pot*, &c.

The hungry man takes no thought for his meat,
Though his stomach would brook a *ten-peny* nail ;
He quite forgets hunger, thinks on it no longer,
If he touch but the sparks of a *pot*, &c.

The *Poor man* will praise it, so hath he good cause,
That all the year eats neither *Partridge* nor *Quail*,
But sets up his *rest*, and makes up his *Feast*
With a crust of *brown-bread*, and a *pot*, &c.

The *Shepherd*, the *Sower*, the *Thresher*, the *Mower*,
The one with his *Scythe*, the other with his *Flail* ;
Take them out by the poll, on the peril of my soll,
All will hold up their hands to a *pot*, &c.

The *Black-Smith*, whose bellows all Summer do blow,
With the fire in his Face fill, without ere a vail;
Though his throat be full dry, he will tell you no lye,
But where you may be sure of a pot, &c.

Who ever denies it, the Pris'ners will praise it,
That beg at Grate, and lye in the Goale:
For, even in their Fetters, they think themselves better;
May they get but a two-penny black pot of Ale.

The Begger, whose portion is alwayes his prayers,
Not having a tatter to hang on his tail,
Is as rich in his rags; as the Churle in his bags,
If he once but shakes hands with a pot, &c.

It drives his poverty clean out of mind,
Forgetting his *brown-bread*, his *wallet* and *mail*:
He walks in the house like a *fix-footed Louse*,
If he once be inricht with a pot, &c.

And he that doth dig in the *ditches* all day,
And wearies himself quite at the *plow-tail*,
Will speak no less things then of *Queens* and *Kings*,
If he touch but the top of a pot, &c.

Tis like a Whetstone to a *blunt wit*,
And makes a supply where Nature doth fail:
The dullest wit soon will look quite through the Moon,
If his temples be wet with a pot, &c.

Then DICK to his *darling*, full boldly dares speak,
Though, before (silly fellow) his courage did quail;
He gives her the *smouch*, with his hand on his pouch,
If he meet by the way with a pot, &c,

And it makes the *Carter* a *Courtier* straight-way,
With *Rhetorical termes* he will tell his tale;
With *courtesies* great store, and his Cap up before,
Being school'd but a little with a pot, &c.

The *Old man*, whose tongue wags faster than his teeth,
(For old-age by Nature doth drivel and drale)
Will frig and will fling, like a Dog in a string,
If he war m his cold blood with a pot, &c.

And the good *Old Clerk* , whose sight waxeth dark ;
 And ever he thinks the Print is too small ,
 He will see every Letter, and say Service better ,
 If he glaze but his eyes with a *Pot*, &c.

The *Cheeks* and the *Jaws* to commend it have cause ;
 For where they were late but even wan and pale ,
 They will get them a colour , no *Crimson* is fuller ,
 By the true die and tincture of a *pot*, &c.

Mark her Enemies, though they think themselves wise,
 How *meager* they look, with how low a wail ,
 How their cheeks do fall , without spirits at all ,
 That alien their minds from a *pot*, &c.

And now that the grains do work in my brains,
 Me thinks I were able to give by retail
 Commodities store , a dozen and more ,
 That flow to Mankind from a *pot*, &c.

The *MUSES* would muse any should it misuse ;
 For it makes them to sing like a *Nightingale* ,
 With a lofty trium note , having washed their throat
 With the *Caballine* Spring of a *pot*, &c.

And the *Musician* of any condition ,
 It will make him reach to the top of his *Scale* :
 It will clear his Pipes, and moisten his lights ,
 If he drink *alternatim* a *pot*, &c.

The *Poet* Divine , that cannot reach Wine ,
 Because that his mony doth many times fail,
 VVill hit on the vein to make a good strain ,
 If he be but *inspir'd* with a *po*, &c.

For *ballads* *ELDERTON* never had Peer ,
 How went his wit in them , with how merry a Gale ;
 And with all the Sails up, had been at the Cup ,
 And washed his beard with a *pot*, &c.

And the power of it shoves, no whit less in *Prose* ,
 It will file one's Phrase, and set forth his Tale :
 Fill him but a Bowl , it will make his tongue troul ,
 For *flowing* speech flows from a *pot*, &c.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

5

And master *Philosopher*, if he drink his part,
Will not trifle his time in the *bush* or the *shale*;
But go to the *kernel* by the depth of his Art,
To be found in the bottom of a *pot*, &c.

Give a *Scholar* of *O X F O R D* a pot of *Sixteen*,
And put him to prove that an *Ape* hath no *tail*,
And sixteen times better his wit will be seen,
If you fetch him from *Botley* a *pot*, &c.

Thus it helps *Speech* and *Wit*: and it hurts not a whit,
But rather doth further the *Virtues Morale*;
Then think it not much, if a little I touch
The good moral part of a *pot*, &c.

To the *Church* and *Religion* it is a good Friend,
Or else our Fore-Fathers their wisdom did fail,
That at every mile, next to the *Church* stile,
Set a *Consecrate-house* to a *pot*, &c.

But now, as they say, *Beer* bears it away;
The more is the pity, if right might prevail:
For with the same *beer*, came up *Heretic* here,
The old *Catholick drink* is a *pot*, &c.

The *churches* much owe, as we all do know;
For when they be drooping and ready to fall,
By a *Whitson* or *Church-ale*, up again they shall go,
And owe their repairing to a *pot*, &c.

Truth will do it right, it brings *Truth* to light,
And many bad matters it helps to reveal:
For, they that will drink, will speak what they think:
T O M tell-truth lies hid in a *pot*, &c.

Justice is *Justice* Friend, she will it commend,
For all is here served by *measure* and *tale*:
Now, *true-tale*, and *good measure* are *Justice* treasure
And much to the praise of a *pot*, &c.

And next I alledge, it is *Fortitudes* edge
For a very *Cow-head*, that shrinks like a *Snail*,
Will swear and will swagger, and out goes his *Dagger*,
If he be but arm'd with a *pot*, &c.

Yea, A L E hath her *Knights and Squires* of Degree,
 That never wore *Corset*, nor yet *shirt of Maile*,
 But have fought their fights all 'twixt the pot and the wall
 VVhen once they were *sub'd* with a *pot*, &c.

And sure it will make a man suddenly *wife*,
 E're-while was scarce able to tell a right *tail* :
 It will open his jaw, he will tell you the *Law*,
 As made a right *Bench*er of a *pot*, &c.

Or he that will make a *bargain* to gain,
 In *buying* or *setting* his goods forth to *sale*,
 Must not plod in the mire, but sit by the fire,
 And seal up his *Match* with a *pot*, &c.

But for *Soberness* needs must I confess,
 The matter goes hard ; and few do prevail
 Not to go too deep, but temper to keep ,
 Such is the *Attractive* of a *pot*, &c.

But here's an amends, which will make all Freinds,
 And ever doth tend to the best avail ;
 If you take it too deep it will make you to sleep ;
 So comes no great harm of a *pot*, &c.

If (reeling) they happen to fall to the ground,
 The fall is not great, they may hold by the *Rail* :
 If into the water, they cannot be drown'd,
 For that gift is given to a *pot*, &c.

If drinking about they chance to fall out,
 Fear not that *Alarm*, though flesh be but frail ,
 It will prove but some blows, or at most a bloody *Nose*,
 And Friends again straight with a *pot*, &c.

And *Physick* will favour A L E as it is bound,
 And be against *Beer* both tooth and nail ;
 They send up and down all over the town
 To get for their Patients a *pot*, &c.

Their *Ale-berries*, *Cawdles* and *Possers* each one,
 And *Sallabubs* made at the *Milking-pale*,
 Although they be many, *Beer* comes not in any,
 But all are composed with a *pot*, &c.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

7

And in very deed, the *Hop's* but a Weed,
Brought o're against Law, and here set to sale :
Would the Law were renew'd, and no more *Beer* brew'd,
But all men betake them to a *pot*, &c.

The *Law* that will take it under his wing,
For, at every *Law-day*, or *Moot* of the *bale*,
One is sworn to serve our *Soueraign* the KING,
In the ancient office of a CONNER of ALE.

There's never a Lord of *Manner* or of a *Town*,
By strand or by land, by hill or by dale,
But thinks it a *Franchise*, and a *Flow'r* of the CROWN
To hold the *Affixe* of a *pot*, &c.

And though there lie *Writs*, from the *Courts Paramount*
To stay the proceedings of the *Courts Paradoile* ;
Law favours it so, you may come, you may go,
Their lyes no *Prohibition* to a *pot*, &c.

They talk much of *State* both early and late,
But if *Gascoign* and *Spain* their *Wine* should not fail,
No remedy then, with us *English-Men*,
But the *State* it must stand by a *pot*, &c.

And they that sit by it are good men and quiet,
No dangerous *Plotiers* in the Common-weal
Of *Treason* and *Murther* : For they never go further
Than to call for, and pay for a *pot*, &c.

To the praise of GAMBRIVIVS that good *Brittish King*
That devis'd for his Native (by the *Welshmen's* tale)
Seventeen hundred years before CHRIST did spring,
The happy invention of a *pot*, &c.

The North they will praise it, and praise it with passion,
VWhere every River gives name to a Dale :
There men are yet living that are of th' old fashion,
No *Nectar* they know but a *pot*, &c.

The PICTS and the SCOTS for ALE were at lots,
So high was the skill, and so kept under Seal,
The PIETS were undone, slain each mothers son,
For not teaching the SCOTS to make *Hether Eale*.

But hither or thither, it skills not much whether,
 For Drink must be had, men live not by Keat,
 Not by *Havor-bannocks*, nor by *Havor-jannocks*,
 The thing the *SCOTS* live on is a *pot*, &c.

Now, if you will say it, I will not deny it,
 That many a man it brings to his bail:
 Yet what fairer end can one wish to his Friend,
 Than to dye by the part of a *pot*, &c.

Yet let not the innocent bear any blame,
 It is their own doings to break o're the pale:
 And neither the *Maie*, nor the good wife in fault,
 If any be potted with a *pot*, &c.

They tell whom it kills, but say not a word
 How many a man liveth both sound and hale,
 Though he drink no *beer* any day in the year,
 By the *Radical humour* of a *pot*, &c.

But to speak of *Killing*, that am I not willing;
 For that in a manner were but to rail:
 But *beer* hath its name, cause it brings to the Biere,
 Therefore well-fare say I to a *pot*, &c.

Too many (I wis) with their deaths proved this,
 And therefore (if ancient Records do not fail)
 He that first brew'd the *Hop* was rewarded with a *Rope*,
 And found his *beer* far more bitter than *A L E*.

O *ALE ab alendo*, the *Liquor of LIFE*,
 That I had but a mouth as big as a *Whale*!
 For mine is too little to touch the least tittle,
 That belongs to the praise of a *pot*, &c.

Thus (I trow) some *Virtues* I have mark'd you out,
 And never a *Vice* in all this long trail,
 But that after the *pot* there cometh a *Shot*,
 And that's th' onely *blot* of a *pot*, &c.

VVith that my Friend said, that *blot* will I bear,
 You have done ver-v well, it is time to strike sail,
 VVee'l have six pots more, though I dye on the score,
 To make all this good of a *pot* of good *A L E*.

The Ballad
Of *Arthur of Bradley.*

SEE you not *Peirce* the Piper,
His cheeks as big as a Miter,
Piping among the Swains
That danc't on yonder plains ;
Where *Tib* and *Tom* do tread it,
And Youths their Horn-pipes lead it ;
With every Man his carriage
To go to yonder Marriage,
Not one would stay behind
But go with *Arthur a Bradley.*
Oh fine *Arthur of Bradley*, Oh fine *Arthur of Bradley*,
Oh fine *Arthur of Bradley*, Oh, &c.

Arthur had got him a Lads,
A bonnier never was ;
The Chief youths of the Parish
Came dancing of the Morris,
With Country Lasses trounsing,
And lusty Lads bounsing ;
Dancing with Musick pride
And every one his Wench by his side,
They all were fine and gay
For the Honour of *Arthur of Bradley*, Oh fine *Ar-*
thur of Bradley, Oh, &c.

But when that *Arthur* was Married,
And his Bride home had carryed ;
The Youngsters they did wait
To help to carry up meat :
Francis Carried the Furnetie,
Mihil carryed the Mince-Pye,
Bartholomew the Beef and the Mustard,
And *Christopher* carryed the Custard:
They every one went in this Ray
For the Honour of *Arthur of Bradley*, Oh fine
Arthur of Bradley, Oh, &c.

But when that Dinner was ended,
 The Maidens they were befriended;
 For outstept *Dick* the Draper,
 And he bid pipe up scraper;
 Better be dancing a little,
 Then into the Town to tippie;
 He bid play him a Horn-pipe
 That goes fine on the Bag-pipe:
 Then forward Piper and play,
 For the Honour of *Arthur* of *Bradley*, Oh fine, &c.

Then *Richard* he did lead it;
 And *Margery* she did tread it;
Francis followed then,
 And after courteous *Jane*.
 Thus every one after another
 As if they had been sister and brother;
 That't was a great joy to see
 How well they did agree:
 And then they all did say,
 Hay for *Arthur* of *Bradley*, Oh fine *Arthur* of
Bradley, Oh, &c.

When all the Swains did see
 This Mirth and merry Glee,
 There was never a man did smutch her,
 But every man kist his Wench.
 But *Giles* was greedy of gain,
 And he would needs kist twain;
 Her Lover seeing that
 Did rap him one the Pate,
 That he had not a word to say
 For the Honour of *Arthur* of *Bradley*, Oh, fine
Arthur of *Bradley*, Oh, &c.

The Piper look'd aside;
 And there he 'spide the Bride;
 He thought it was a hard chance
 That none would lead her a dance:
 For never a man durst touch her,
 But onely *Will* the Butcher;

Pills to purge Melancholy.

45

He took her by the hand
And danc'd whilst he could stand:
The Bride was fine and gay,
For the honhur of *Arthur of bradley*, Oh fine
Arthur of Bradley, Oh, &c.

Then out stept *Will* the VVeaver,
And he swore he'd not leave her;
He hopt it all of a Leg,
For the honour of his *Peg*;
But *Kester* in *Cambrick* Ruffe,
He took that in snuffe;
For he against that day
Had made himself fine and gay,
His Ruff was whipt over with blew,
He cried a new dance, a new:
Then forward Piper and play,
For the honour of *Arthbur of Bradley*, Oh fine, &c.

Then 'gan the Sun decline,
And every one thought it time
To go unto his home,
And leave the Bridegroom alone:
To't to't, quoth lusty *Ned*,
VVe'e'l see them both in bed;
For I will jeopard a joynt
But I will get his codpiece point:
Then strike up Piper and play,
For the honour of *Arthbur of bradley*, Oh fine, &c.

And thus the day was spent,
And no man homeward went,
That there was such crowding and thrusting
That some were in danger of bursting,
To see them go to bed:
For all the Skill they had,
He was got to his Bride,
And laid him close by her side:
They got his Points and Garters,
And cut them in pieces like quarters;
And then they bid the Piper play
For the honour of *Arthur of bradley*, Oh fine &c.

Then

Then *Will*, and his Sweet-heart
 Did call for *Loth* to Depart,
 And then they did foot it and toss it
 Till the *Cook* had brought up the posset;
 The Bride pye was brought forth,
 A thing of mickle worth;
 And so all at the bed side
 Took leave of *Arthur* and his Bride;
 And so they went all away
 From the wedding of *Arthur* of *Bradley*, Oh, &c.

A Ballad of the Gelding of the Devil.

NOW listen a while and I will you tell
 Of the Gelding of the Devil of Hell;
 And *Dick* the *Baker* of *Mansfield* Town,
 To *Manchester* market he was bound,
 And under a Grove of Willows clear,
 This *Baker* rid on with a merry chear:
 Beneath the Willows there was a Hill,
 And there he met the Devil of Hell.
Baker, quoth the Devil, tell me that,
 How came thy Horse so fair and fat?
 In troth, quoth the *Baker*, and by my fay,
 Because his stones were cut away.
 For he that will have a Gelding free,
 Both fair and lusty he must be:
 Oh! quoth the Devil, and saist thou so,
 Thou shalt geld me before thou do'st go.

Gotie thy Horse unto a tree,
 And with thy knife come and geld me.
 The *Baker* had a knife of Iron and Steel,
 With which he gelded the Devil of Hell.
 It was sharp pointed For the nonce
 Fit for to cut any manner of stones:
 The *Baker* being lighted from his Horse,
 Cut the Devils stones from his Arse.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

13

Oh! quoth the Devil beshrow thy heart,
Thou dost not feel how I do smart;
For gelding of me thou art not quit,
For I mean to geld thee this same day sevennight;
The Baker hearing the words he said,
Within his heart was sore afraid,
He hied him to the next market town
To sell his bread both white and brown.

And when the market was done that Day;
The Baker went home another way.
And to his wife he did tell,
How he had gelded the Devil of Hell:
Say, a wondrous word I heard him say,
He would geld me next market day;
Wherefore wife I stand in doubt,
I'd rather, quoth she, thy *Knaves Eyes* were out.

I'd rather thou should break thy Neck-bone,
Then for to Lose any manner of stone,
Or why 'twill be a Loathsome thing,
When every Woman shall call the Gelding.
Thus they continued both in fear
Untill the next market day drew near.
Well quoth the good wife, well I wot,
Go fetch me thy Doublet and thy Coat.

By Hose thy Shoone and Cap also,
And I like a Man to the Market will go:
Then up she got her all in haste,
With all her bread upon her beast;
And when she came to the Hill side,
There she saw two Devils abide,
A little Devil for and another,
Lay playing under the Hill side together.

Oh! quoth the Devil, without any fain
Yonder comes the Baker again;
Beest thou well Baker, or beest thou wo,
I mean to geld thee before thou dost go.
These were the words the Woman did say,
Good Sir, I was gelded but yesterday;

Oh

Oh quoth the Devil that I will see,
And he pluckt her cloaths beneath her knee :

And looking upward from the ground,
There he spied a grievous wound :
Oh (quoth the Devil) what might he be ?
For he was not cunning that gelded thee ,
For when he had cut away the stones clean,
He should have sowed up the hole again ;
He call'd the little Devil to him anon
And bid him look to that same man.

Whilest he went into some private place
To fetch some salve in a little space ,
The great Devil was gone but a little way,
But upon her belly there crept a flea ;
The little Devil he soon spied that,
He up with his paw and gave her a pat :
VVith that the woman began to start ,
And out she thrust a most horrible fart.

VVhoop whoop quoth the little Devil, come again I pray,
For her's another hole broke, be my fay ;
The great Devil he came running in hast,
VVithin his heart was sore agast,
Fogh quoth the Devil thou art not found ,
Thou stinkest so sore above the ground ;
Thy life dayes sure cannot be long,
Thy breath it fumes so wond'rous strong.

The hole is cut so near the bone,
There is no salve can stick thereon.
And therefore *Baker* I stand in doubt
That all thy bowels will fall out :
Therefore *baker* hie thee away,
And in this place no longer stay.

A Ballad call'd the Green-Gown.

An leave, piping, the gods have done feasting,
 There's never a goddess a hunting to day,
 Mortals marvel at *Corridon's* jesting,
 That gives the assistance to entertain May.
 The Lads, and the Lasses with scarves on their faces,
 So lively as passes trip over the downs:
 Much mirth and sport they make, running at Barly-break;
 Lord what hast they make for a Green-Gown!

John with *Gillian*, *Harry* with *Francis*,
Meg and *Mary* with *Robin* and *Will*,
George and *Margery* lead all the dances;
 For they were reported to have the best skill:
Cicily and *Nanny* the fairest of many
 That came last of any from out of the towns;
 Quickly got in among the midst of all the throng;
 They so much did long for their Green-Gowns.

Vanton Debora whispered with *Dorothy*,
 That she would wink upon *Richard* and *Sym*;
Maudlin shew'd her authority,
 And in the quarrel would venture a Limb.
Sibbel was sickly, and could not come quickly,
 And therefore was likely to fall in a sown,
 Who would not tarry for *Tom* nor for *Narry*,
 Lest *Christian* should carry away the Green-gown

John and *bettrice* both of a family,
 Came very lazy lagging behind;
Amise and *Amable* noting their policie;
Cupid is cunning although he be blind:
Winny the witty, that came from Citie,
 With *Parnel* the pretty, and *Besse* the brown;
Tom, *Jone* and *Isabel*, *Su*, *Alice* and *Bonny Nell*,
 Travell'd exceedingly for a Green-Gown.

Now

Now the Youngsters had reach' d the green Medow
 VVhere they intended to gather their *May*,
 Some in the Sun-shine, some in the shadow,
 Singled in couples, did fall to their play:
 But constant *Penelope*, *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*,
 Lookt very modestly, yet they lay down;
 And *Prudence* prevented what *Rachel* repented,
 And *Kate* was contented to take a *Green-Gown*.

Then they desired to know of a truth
 If all their fellows were in the like case,
Nem call'd for *Eede* and *Eede* for *Ruth*,
Ruth for *Marcy* and *Marcy* for *Grace*;
 But there was no speaking, they answer'd with squeaking,
 The pretty Lads breaking the head of the Clown;
 But some were a wooing while others were doing,
 Yet all their going was for a *Green-Gown*.

Bright *Apollo* was all this while peeping
 To see if his *Daphne* had been in the throng,
 But missing her hastily, Downwards was creeping,
 For *Thetis* imagin'd he tarried too long.
 Then all the troop mourned and homeward returned,
 For *Cynthia* scorned to smile or to frown:
 Thus they did gather *May* all the long Summer day,
 And at Night went away with a *Green-Gown*.

A Ballad of Sir Egle More.

Sir Egle More that valiant Knight,
with his fa, la, lanctre down dille,
 He fetcht his Sword and he went to fight,
with his fa, la, and his lanctre down dille;
 As he went over hill and dale,
 All clothed in his Coat of Male,
with his fa, la, his fa, la, and his lanctre down dille,

A huge great Dragon leapt out of his Den,
with his fa, la, lanctre down dille,
 Which had kill'd the Lord knows how many men,
with his fa, la, and his lanctre down dille;
 But when he saw Sir Egle More,
 Good lack had you seen how this Dragon did rore!
with his fa, la, his fa, la, and his lanctre down dille.

This Dragon he had on a Plaguy hide
with his fa, la, and his lanctre down dille;
 Which could both Sword and Spear abide,
with his fa, la, &c.
 He could not enter with hacks and cuts,
 Which vext the Knight to the very heart blood and guts,
with his fa, la, &c.

All the trees in the wood did shake,
with his fa, la, &c.
 Cars did tremble, and man did quake,
with his fa, la, &c.
 It had you seen how the Birds lay peeping,
 Would have made a mans heart to fall a weeping,
with his fa, la, &c.

It now is was too late to fear,
with his fa, la, &c.
 For now it was come to fight dog fight bear,
with his fa, la, &c.
 And as a yawning he did fall,
 He thrust his Sword in hilts and all,
with his fa, la, &c.

C

But

But now as the Knight in choler did burn ,
with his fa, la, &c.

He owed the Dragon a shrewd good turn ;
with his fa, la, &c.

In at his mouth his Sword he bent ,
 The hilt appear'd at his Fundament ,
with his fa, la, &c.

Then the Dragon like a Coward began to fly
with his fa, la, &c.

Unto his Den that was hard by,
with his fa, la, &c.

And there he laid him down and ro'd ,
 The Knight was vexed for his Sword,
with his fa, la, &c.

The Sword it was a right good Blade .
with his fa, la, &c.

As ever Turk or Spaniard made ,
with his fa, la, &c.

I for my part do forsake it ,
 And he that will fetch it , Let him take it ,
with his fa, la, &c.

When all this was done , to the Ale-house he went ,
with his fa, la, &c.

And by and by his two pence he spent ,
with his fa, la, &c.

For he was so hot with tugging with the Dragon ,
 That nothing would quench him but a whole flagon ,
with his fa, la, &c.

Now God preserve our King and Queen ,
with his fa, la, &c.

And eke in London may be seen
with his fa, la, &c.

As many Knights , and as many more ,
 And all so good as Sir *Egle More* ,

with his fa, la, his fa, la, lanctre down dille.

A Ballad call'd *Blew-Cap* for me.

Come hither thou merriest of all the Nine,
Come sit you down by me, and let us be jolly;
And with a full Cup of *Apollo's* VVine,
VVee'l dare our Enemy, mad Melancholy;
And when we have done, wee'l between us devise
pleasant new Dity by Art to compose;
And of this new Dity the matter shall be;
ever I have a man, *blew-cap* for me.

There dwells a blith Lass in *Falkland* Town;
And she hath Suiters I know not how many,
And her resolution she had set down
that she'l have a *Blew-cap* if ever she have any.
Englishman when our geod Knight was there,
came often unto her, and loved her dear;
Yet still she replied, Geod Sir la be,
ever I have a man, *blew-cap* for me.

Welshman that had a long Sword by his side,
Red Doublet, red Breech, and red Coat, and red Peard;
As made a great shew of a great deal of pride,
Was tell her strange tales te like never heard;
As recon her pedegree long before *Prute*,
body was near that could her Confute;
But still she reply'd, Geod Sir la be,
ever I have a man, *blew-cap* for me.

A *Frenchman* that largely was booted and spur'd,
Long Lock with a ribbon, long Points and long Presshes;
Was ready to kiss her at every word,
And for the other exercises his fingers itches;
You be pretty wench a *Metrel par ma Foy*,
For me do love you, be not so coy;
Yet still she reply'd, Geod Sir la be;
ever I have a man, *blew-cap* for me.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

An *Irishman* with a long Skeen in his Nose ,
 Did think to obtain her , it was no great mattter ;
 Up stairs to the chamber so lightly he goes ,
 That she never heard him until he came at her :
 Quoth he , I do love thee , by *Fait* and by *Trot* ,
 And if thou wilt know it , experience shall sho't ,
 Yet still she reply'd , Geod Sir , la be ,
If ever I have a man , Blew-Cap for me.

A *Netherland* Mariner came there by chance ,
 Whose cheeks did resemble two roasting Pome-waters ,
 And to this Blith Lads this sute dit advance ,
 Experience had taught him to cog , lie and flatter :
 Quoth he , I will make thee sole Lady of the Sea ,
 Both *Spanyard* and *Englith* man shall thee obey :
 Yet still she reply'd , &c.

At last came a *Scotchman* with a *Blew Cap* ,
 And that was the man for whom she had tarried ,
 To get this Blyth Lads it was his giud hap ,
 They gan to *Kirk* and were presently married ;
 She car'd not whether he were Lord or Leard ,
 She call'd him sick a like name as I ne'r heard ,
 To get him from aw she did weell agree ,
 And still she cryed , *Blew Cap* thou art welcome to me.

The Ballad
 Of the CAPS

THe Wit hath long beholding been
 Unto the Cap to keep it in ,
 But now the wits fly out amain
 In praise to quit the Cap again ;
 The Cap that keeps the highest part
 Obtains the place by due desert :
 For any Cap , what ere it bee ,
 Is still the sign of some degree.

the *Monmoth* Cap, the Saylor's thumbe,
And that wherein the Tradesman come,
the Physick Cap, the Cap Divine,
And that which Crowns the Muses nine,
the Cap that fools do Countenance,
The goodly Cap of Maintenance.

For any Cap, &c.

the sickly Cap both plain and wrought,
The Fudling Cap how ever bought,
the Woolsted, Furr'd, the Velvet, Sattin;
For which so many pates learn Latin;
the Cruel Cap; the Fustian Pate,
The Perewig a Cap of Late:

For any Cap, &c.

the Souldiers that the *Monmoth* wear,
On Castles-tops their Ensigns rear;
the Sea-man with his Thrumb doth stand
On higher parts then all the land;
the Tradesmans Cap aloft is born,
By vantage of a stately horn.

For any Cap, &c.

the Physick Cap to dust can bring
Without controul the greatest King,
the Lawyers Cap hath Heavniy might
To make a crooked action straight;
and if you'l line him in the fist,
The Cause he'l warrant as he list.

For any Cap, &c.

both East and West, and North and South;
Where ere the Gospel hath a mouth,
the Cap Divine doth thither look;
'Tis Square like Scholars and their Books:
the rest are Round, but this is Square,
To shew their Wits more stable are:

For any Cap, &c.

the Jester he a Cap doth wear,
Which makes him fellow for a Peer,
and 'tis no slender piece of Wit
To act the Fool, where great Men sit;

But O, the Cap of *London Town* ,
 I wis, 'tis like a goodly *Crown* ,
For any Cap , &c.

The Sickly Cap though wrought with silk ,
 Is like repentance , white as milk ;
 VVhen Caps drop off at health apace ,
 The Cap doth then your head uncase .
 The sick mans Cap (if wrought) can tell
 Though he be sick, his Cap is well.
For any Cap , &c.

The Fudling Cap by *Bacchus* Might ,
 Turn's night to day , and day to night ;
 VVe know it makes proud heads to bend ,
 The Lowly feet for to Ascend ;
 It makes men richer then before ,
 By seeing doubly all their score.
For any Cap , &c.

The Furr'd and Quilted Cap of age
 Can make a mouldy proverb sage ,
 The Satin and the Velvet hive
 Into a Bishoprick may thrive ;
 The Triple Cap may raise some hope,
 If fortune serve, to be a Pope ,
For any Cap , &c.

The Periwig , O , this declares
 The rise of flesh , though fall of hairs ,
 And none but Gransiers can proceed
 So far in sin , till they this need ,
 Before the King who covered are ,
 And onely to themselves stand bare.
*For any Cap , what ere it be ,
 Is still the sign of some degree.*

A Ballad
Of the N O S E.

Three merry Lads met at the Rose
To speak in the praises of the Nose :
The Nose that stands in the middle place
Sets out the beauty of the Face,
The Nose with which we have begun
Will serve to make our verses run :
*Invention often barren grows ,
Yet still there's matter in the Nose.*

The Nose his end's so high a prize
That men prefer't before their eyes ,
And no man counts him for his friend
That boldly takes his Nose by the end :
The Nose that like *Uripus* flows ,
The Sea that did the wiseman pose ,
Invention often , &c.

The Nose is of as many kinds
As Mariners can reckon winds ;
The long, the short, the Nose displayd ,
The great Nose , which did fright the Maid ;
The Nose through which the Brother-hood ,
Do partly for their Sisters good ,
Invention often , &c.

The flat, the sharp , the *Roman Snow* ,
The Hawkes Nose circled round about ,
The Crooked Nose that stands awry ,
The Ruby Nose of Scarlet dye ,
The brazen Nose without a Face
That doth the *Learned Colledge* grace ,
Invention often , &c.

The long Nose when the teeth appear,
 Shews what's a Clock if day be clear;
 The broad Nose stands in Bucklers place,
 And takes the blows for all the face;
 The Nose being plain without a Ridge,
 Will serve sometimes to make a Bridge,
Invention often, &c.

The short Nose is the Lovers bliss,
 Because it hinders not a kiss;
 The toteing Nose, O monstrous thing!
 That's he that did the bottle bring,
 And he that brought the bottle hither
 Will drink (O monstrous!) out of measure.
Invention often, &c.

The Firie Nose in Lanthorn Read
 May light his Master home to bed;
 And whosoever this Treasure owes
 Grows poor in purse though Rich in Nose:
 The *Brazen Nose* that's ore the gate
 Maintains full many a *Latin pate*.
Invention often, &c.

If any Nose take this in snuff,
 And think it more then enough;
 VVe answer them, we did not fear
 Nor think such Noses had been here:
 But if there be, we need not care,
 A Nose of VVax our Statutes are.
*Invention now is barren grown,
 The Matter's out, the Nose is blown.*

A Ballad of the Black-Smith.

OF all the trades that ever I see ,
 There's none to a *Black-smith* compared may be ;
 With so many several tools works he ,
Which no body can deny.

The first that ever Thunder-bolt made ,
 Was a *Cyclops* of the *Black-smith* trade ,
 As in a Learned Author is said ,
which no body can deny.

When Thundering-like we strike about ,
 The Fire like lightning flashes out ,
 Which suddenly with water we dout ,
which no body can deny.

The Fairest Goddess in the Skies ,
 To marry with *Vulcan* did advise ,
 And he was a *Black-smith* grave and wife ,
Which no body can deny.

Vulcan He to do her right ,
 Did build her a town by Day and by Night ;
 And gave it a name which was *Hammersmiths* hight ;
which no body can deny.

Vulcan further did acquaint her ,
 That a pretty Estate he would appoint her ,
 And leave her *Seacole-lane* for a Joynter ,
Which no body can deny.

And that no enemy might wrong her ,
 He built her a Fort you'd wish no stronger ,
 Which was in the lane of *Ironmonger* ,
which no body can deny.

Smithfield he did Clense from Dirt ,
 And sure there was great Reason for't ,
 For their he meant she should keep her Court ,
which no body can deny.

But after in a good time and tide ,
 It was by the Blacksmith rectif'd ,
 To the honour of *Edmond Iron-side* ;
Which no body can deny.

Vulcan after made a train
 VWherein the God of War was tane ,
 VWhich ever since hath been call'd *Pauls-Chain* ;
Which no body can deny.

The Common Proverb as it is read ,
 That a man must hit the Nale on the head ,
 VWithout the *Black-smith* cannot be said ;
Which no body can deny.

Another must not be forgot ,
 And fall's unto the *Black-smiths* lot ,
 That a man strike while the *Iron* is hot ;
Which no body can deny,

Another comes in most proper and fit ,
 The *Black-smiths* Justice is seen in it ,
 VWhen you give a man rost and beat him with the spit ;
Which no body can deny.

Another comes in our *Black-smiths* way ,
 VWhen things are safe , as old wives say ,
 VVe have them under lock and key ;
Which no body can deny,

Another that's in the *Black-smiths* books ,
 And onely to him for remedy looks ,
 Is when a man's quite off the hooks ;
Which no body can deny

Another Proverb to him doth belong ,
 And therefore let's do the *Black-smith* no wrong ,
 VWhen a man's held hard to it buckle and thong ;
Which no body can deny.

Another Proverb doth make me laugh ,
 VWherein the *Black-smith* may challenge half ,
 VWhen a Reasons as plain as a Pike-staff ;
Which no body can deny,

Though your Lawyers travel both near and far,
And by long pleading, a good Cause may mar,
Yet your *Black-smith* takes more pains at the Bar;
which no body can deny.

Though your Scrivener seek to crush and to kill
By his counterfeit deeds and thereby doth ill,
Yet your *black-smith* may Forge what he will;
which no body can deny.

Though your bankrupt Citizens lurk in their holes,
And laugh at their creditors, and their catch-poles,
Yet your *black-smith* can fetch them over the coals,
which no body can deny.

Though *Jocky* in the stable be never so neat
To look to his Nag, and prescribe him his meat,
Yet your *black-smith* knows better how to give him a heat;
which no body can deny.

If any Taylor have the itch,
The *black-smiths* water as black as pitch,
Will make his hands go thorough stich;
which no body can deny.

There's never a slut if filth o're smutch her,
But owes to the *black-smith* for her leacher,
For without a pair of tongs there's no man would touch her;
which no body can deny.

Your Roring boys who ever one Quails,
Fights, domineers, swaggers and rails,
Could never yet make the *Smith* eat his Nails;
which no body can deny.

If a Scholar be in doubt,
And cannot well bring his matter about,
The *blacksmith* he can Hammer it out;
which no body can deny.

Now if to know him you would desire,
You must not Scorn but rank him higher;
For what he gets, is out of the fire;
which no body can deny.

Now here's a good health to *Black-smiths* all ;
 And let it go round , as round as a ball ;
 Wee'l drink it all off , though it cost us a fall ,
which no body can deny.



The BREWER.
 A Ballad made in the Year, 1657.

To the Tune of the *Black-smith.*

THere's many a Clinching verse is made
 In honour of the *Black-smiths* trade,
 But more of the *Brewer* may be said ;
which no body can deny.

I need not much of this repeat,
 The *Black-smith* cannot be compleat ;
 Unless the *Brewer* do give him a heat ;
which no body can deny.

When Smoug unto the Forge doth come ,
 Unless the *Brewer* doth liquor him home ,
 He'l never strike , my pot , and thy pot , *Tom* ;
which no bod can deny.

Of all professions in the town
 The *Brewers* trade hath gain'd renown,
 His liquor reacheth up to the Crown ;
which no body can deny.

Many new Lord from him there did spring ,
 Of all the trades he still was their King ,
 For the *Brewer* had the world in a sling ;
which no body can deny.

He scorneth all laws and Marshal stops ,
 But whips an Army as Round as tops ;
 And cuts off his foes as thick as hops ;
which no body can deny.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

29

He dives for Riches down to the bottom,
And cries, my Masters, when he hath got um;
Let every tub stand upon his own bottom;
which no body can deny.

A warlike acts he scorns to stoop,
Or when his army begins to droop,
He draws them up as round as a hoop;
which no body can deny.

The Jewish Scot that scorns to Eat
The flesh of Swine and Brewers beat;
Twas the sight of his Hogs-head made um retreat;
which no body can deny.

Poor Jocky and his basket hilt
Was beaten, and much blood was spilt,
And their bodyes like barrells did run a tilt;
which no body can deny.

Though Femy gave the first assault;
The Brewer at last made him to halt;
And gave them what the Cat left in the Malt;
which no body can deny.

They cri'd that Antichrist came to settle
Religion in a Cooler and a Kettle,
For his Nose and Copper were both of one mettle;
which no body can deny.

Some Christian Kings began to quake,
And said with the Brewer no quarrel wee'l make;
VVe'e'l let him alone, as he brews let him bake;
which no body can deny.

He hath a strong and very stout heart,
And thought to be made an Emperor for't,
But the Devil put a Spoke in his Cart;
which no body can deny.

If any intended to do him disgrace,
His fury would take off his head in the place,
He alway did carry his Furnace in his Face;
which no body can deny.

But

But yet by the way you must understand
He kept his Foes so under command ,
That *Pride* could never get the upper hand ;
which no body can deny.

He was a stout Brewer of whom we may brag ,
Bur now he is hurried away with a hag ,
He brew 's in a bottle and bak'd in a bag ;
which no body can deny.

And now may all stout Souldiers say ,
Farewell the glory of the day ,
For the Brewer himself is turn'd to clay ;
which no body can deny.

Thus fell the brave Brewer the bold son of slaughter ;
We need not to fear , what shall follow after ,
For he dealt all his life time , in fire and water.
which no body can deny.

And if his successour had had but his might ,
Then we had not bin in a pitiful plight ,
But he was found many grains too light ;
which no body can deny.

Let's leave off singing , and drink of our bub ,
Wee'l call up a Reck'ning , and every man club ,
For I think I have told you a tale of a tub ;
which no body can deny.



*A Ballad, or Parly, between two West-
Countrymen on sight of a WEDDING.*

I Tell thee *Dick* where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
Oh things beyond compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at **Wake** or **Fair**.

At *Charing Cross*, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our Hay,
There is a House with stairs;
And there did I see coming down,
Such Volk as are not in our Town,
Vortie at least in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
Walkt on before the rest:
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him:
The King (God bless him) 'twould undo him
Should he go still so drest.

At *Course-a-Park* without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i'th Town:
Though lusty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the green,
Or *Vincent* of the Crown.

But wat you what; the youth was going
To make an end of all his woeing;
The Parson for him staid:
Yet by his leave (for all his hast)
He did not so much wish all past
(Perchance) as did the Maid.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

The Maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
 For such a Maid no VWhitson-Ale
 Could ever yet produce :
 No grape that's kindly ripe , could be
 So round, so plump, so soft as she ,
 Nor half so full of juyce.

Her finger was so small , the Ring
 VWould not stay on which he did bring ;
 It was too wide a peck :
 And to say truth (for out it must)
 It lookt like the great Collar (just)
 About our young Colts neck.

Her feet beneath her peticoat ,
 Like little mice stole in and out ,
 As if they fear'd the light :
 But Dick she dances such a way
 No Sun upon an Ester day
 Is half so fine a sight.

He would have kist her once or twice ,
 But she would not, she was so nice ,
 She would not do't in fight ;
 And then she lookt as who would say ,
 I will do what I list to day ;
 And you shall do't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on ,
 No Dazy makes comparison
 (VWho sees them is undone :)
 For streaks of red were mingled there ,
 Such as are on a Katherine Pear ,
 The side that's next the Sun.

Her lips were red , and one was thin
 Compar'd to heat was next her Chin :
 (Some Bee had stung it newly :)
 But (Dick) her Eyes so guard her Face ,
 I durst no more upon them gaze ,
 Then on the Sun in July.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break;

That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any sin
The Parson himself had guilty bin,
(She lookt that day so purely)
And did the youth so oft the feat
At night, as some did in conceit,
It would have spoil'd him surely.

Passion, oh me! how I run on!
Here's that that would be thought upon
(I trow) besides the Bride.
The business of the Kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there deny'd.

First in the nick the Cook knockt thrice,
And all the Waiters in a trice
His summons did obey,
Each Serving man with dish in hand
Marcht boldly up like our Train-band,
Presented and away.

When all the meat was on the Table,
That man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be intreated?
And this the very reason was
Before the Parson could say Grace,
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the House;
The Brides came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd anothers health,
Naps he made it hers by stealth;
(And who could help it, Dick?)

Pills to purge Melancholy.

O'th sudain up they rise and dance ;
 Then sit again, and sigh, and glance :
 Then dance again and kiss :
 Thus sev'ral wayes the time did pass ,
 VVhil'st every woman wisht her place ,
 And every man wisht his.

By this time all were stoln aside ,
 To counsel and undress the Bride ;
 But that he must not know :
 But'twas thought he guest her mind ,
 And did not mean to stay behind ,
 Above an hour or so.

VVhen in he came (*Dick*) there she lay
 Like new-faln snow melting away ,
 ('Twas time I trow to part)
 Kisses were now the onely stay ,
 VVhich soon she gave , as who would say ,
 God B'w'y' ! with all my heart.

But just as Heavens would have to cross it ,
 In came the Bride-maids with the Posset :
 The Bride-groom eat in spight ;
 For had he left the women to't ,
 It would have cost two hours to do't ,
 VVhich were too much that night.

At length the Candle's out and now ,
 All that they had not done they do :
 VVhat that is , you can tell ;
 But I believe it was no more
 Than thou and I have done before
 VVith *Bridget* and with *Nell*.

The Ballad

Of Saint G E O R G E for England.

W Hy should we boast of *Arthur* and his Knights ?
 Know how many men have perform'd fights ;
 Or why should we speak of *Sir Lancelot du Lake* ,
 Or *Sir Trestram du Leon* that fought for the Ladyes sake ?
 Read old storyes, and there you'll see
 How *St. George*, *St. George*, did make the Dragon flee:
St. George he was for *England* *St. Denis*, was for *France* ,
 Sing *Hont soit qui Mal y pense*.

To speak of the *Monarchy* , it were too long to tell ;
 And likewise of the *Romans* , how far they did excel ,
Annibal and *Scipio*, they many field did fight ,
Mando Furioso he was a valiant Knight ,
Emulus and *Rhemus* were those that *Rome* did build ;
 But *St. George* *St. George* the Dragon he hath kill'd :
St. George he was &c.

Jobtha and *Gidion* they led their men to fight ,
 The *Gibionites* and *Amonites* , they put them all to flight ;
Jacules Labour was in the Vale of Brass ,
 And *Sampson* slew a thousand with the Jaw-bone of an Ass ,
 And when he was blind , pull'd the Temple to the Ground :
 But *St. George*, *St. George* the Dragon did confound :
St. George he was , &c.

Valentine and *Orson* they came of *Pippin's* blood ,
Herbert and *Aldrecus* they were brave Knights and good ;
 The four sons of *Amnon* that fought with *Charlemaine* ,
Hugh de Burdeaux and *Gosfry de Bologne* ,
 They were all French Knights the Pagans did Convert ,
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, pull'd forth the Dragons heart :
St. George he was , &c.

Henry the fifth he Conquered all *France* ,
 He quartered their Arms, his Honour to advance ,
 He razed their Walls , and pull'd their Cities down ;
 And garnished his Head with a double treble Crown ;
 He thumbed the *French* , and after home he came !
 But *St. George*, *St. George* , he made the Dragon tame :
 St. George he was, &c.

St. David you know , loves *Leeks* and toasted *Cheese* ,
 And *Jason* was the Man, brought home the *Golden-Fleece* ;
St. Patrick you know he was *St. Georges Boy* ,
 Seven years he kept his Horse, and then stole him away ;
 For which Knavish act, a slave he doth remain ;
 But *St. George St. George*, he hath the Dragon slain :
 St. George he was, &c.

Tamerlane the Emperour in Iron Cage did Crown ,
 With his bloody Flags display'd before the Town ;
Scanderbag Magnanimous *Mahomet's Bashaw* did dread ,
 Whose Victorious Bones were worn when he was dead ;
 His *Bed'erbegg*, his Corn like drags, *George Castriot* was he call'd ,
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, the Dragon he hath mauld :
 St. George he was for *England*, *St. Denis* was for *France* ,
 Sing *Hony soit qui mal y pense* .

Ottoman the Tartar, *Cham* of *Persia's* race ,
 The great *Mogul*, with his Chests so full of all his Cloves and Mace
 The *Grecian Youth* *Bucephalus* he manly did bestride ,
 But those with all their Worthies Nine ; *St. George* did them deride
Gustavus Adolphus was *Swedenlands* VVarlike King ,
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, pull'd forth the Dragons sting :
 St. George he was for *England*, *St. Denis* was for *France* ,
 Sing *Hony soit qui mal y pense* .

Pendragon and *Cadwallader* of *Brittish* blood do boast ,
 Though *John of Gant* his foes did daunt, *St. George* shall rule the ro
Agamemnon and *Cleome lon* and *Macedon* did feats ,
 But compared to our Champion, they were but merely cheats ;
 Brave *Malta* Knights in *Turkish* fights, their brandish swords outd
 But *St. George* met the Dragon, and ran him through and throug
 St. George, he was , &c.

idea the Amozon, *Pholius* overthrew,
 as fierce as either *Wandal*, *Goth*, *Saracen* or *Jew*;
 the potent *Holophermes*, as he lay in his bed,
 he came wife *Judith* and subtly stole his head; [Thunder;
 gave *Cyclops* stout, with *Jove* he fought, Although he show'd down
 at *St. George* kill'd the Dragon, and was not that a wonder!
 Saint *George*, he was, &c.

Mark Anthony, he wairant you Plaid fears with *Egypt's Queen*,
 & *Egla More* that valiant Knight, the like was never seen, [ted.
Trim Gorgons might was known in fight, old *Brew* most men frigh-
 the *Myrmidons* and *Presbyter John*, why were not those men knighted?
 gave *Spinola* took in *Breda*, *Nasaw* did it recover,
 at *St. George*, *St. George*, he turn'd the Dragon over and over:
St. George he was for *England*, *St. Denis* was for *France*,
 Sing *Hony soit qui mal y pense*.

The Ballad of
The BULLS FEATHER.

T chanc'd not long ago, as I was walking,
 An Eccho did bring me where two were a talking,
 was a man said to his wife, Dye I had rather,
 Then to be Cornuted and wear the *Bulls Feather*.
 When presently she reply'd, Sweet art thou Jealous?
 Thou can'st not play *Vulcan* before I play *Venus*;
 My fancies are Foolish, such follies together:
 There's many an honest man has worn the *Bulls Feather*.

Though it be invisible, let no man it scorn,
 Though it be a new Feather made of an old horn;
 He that disdains it in heart or mind either:
 May be the more subject to wear the *Bulls feather*.

He that lives in discontent, or despair,
 And feareth false measure because his wife's fair,
 His Thoughts are Inconstant, much like to winter weather:
 Though one or two want it, he shall have a Feather.

Bulls Feathers are Common, as Ergo in Schools,
 And onely contemned by those that are Fools;
 Why should a *Bulls Feather* cause any unrest,
 Since Neighbours Fare always is counted the best?

Those Women wh' are Fairest, are likely to give it,
 And Husbands that have them, are apt to believe it;
 Some men though their Wives should seem for to Tedder,
 They would play the Kind Neighbour, and give the *Bulls Feather*.

Why should we repine, that our Wives are so Kind,
 Since we that are Husbands are of the same Mind;
 Shall we give them *Feathers*, and think to go free,
 Believe it, Believe it, that hardly will be.

For he that disdains my *Bulls Feather* to day,
 May light of a Lass that will play him foul play;
 There's never a Gallant that treads on Cows Leather,
 But he may be Cornuted and wear the *Bulls Feather*.

Though Beer of that Brewing I never did drink,
 Yet be not displeas'd if I speak what I think,
 Scarce ten in a Hundred, believe it, believe it,
 But either they'l have it, or else they will give it.

Then let me advise all those that do Pine,
 For fear that false Jealousie shorten their Time,
 This disease will Torment them worse than a Fever,
 Then let all be contented to wear the *Bulls feather*.

A Ball



A Ballad.

Old England turn'd New.

YOU talk of *New England*, I truly believe
Old England is grown *New*, and doth us deceive;
 I'll ask you a Question or two, by your leave;
And is not old England grown new?

Where are you old Souldiers with Slashes and Scars,
 That never us'd Drinking in no time of VVars,
 Nor Shedding of Blood in Mad drunken Jars:
And is not old England, &c.

New Captains are made, that never did Fight,
 But with Pots in the Day, and Punks in the Night,
 And all their chief Care is to keep their Swords bright;
And is not old England, &c.

Where are your old Swords, your Bills, and your Bowes,
 Your Bucklers and Targets that never fear'd Blowes?
 They are turn'd to Stiletto's, with other fair Showes:
And is not old England, &c.

Where are your Old Courtiers, that used to Ride
 With Forty Blew-coats and Foot-men beside?
 They are turn'd to Six Horses a Coach with a guide:
And is not old England, &c.

And what is become of our old *English* Cloathes,
 Your long sleev'd Doublet and your Trunk Hose?
 They are turned to French Fashions and other gawaws:
And is not old England, &c.

Your Gallant and his Taylor some half a year together
 To fit a new Sute to a new Hat and Feather,
 Of Gold, or of Silver, Silk, Cloth, Stuff, or Leather:
And is not old England, &c.

We have New fashion'd Beards, and new fashion'd Locks ;
 And new fashion'd Hats, for your new pated Blocks ,
 And more New Diseases, besides then the *French P O X* ;
And is not old England, &c.

New Houses are built, and the old ones pulled down,
 Until the new Houses sell all the old ground ,
 And then the House stands like a horse in the Pound ;
And is not old England, &c.

New fashions in Houses, new fashions at Table,
 Old Servants discharg'd and new not so able ,
 And all good old Customes is now but a Fable ;
And is not old England, &c.

New Trickings, new Goings, new Measures, new Paces ;
 New Heads for men, for your women new Faces ,
 And twenty new tricks to mend their bad cases ;
And is not old England, &c.

New tricks in the Law, new tricks in the Roul's ,
 New Bodies thy have, they look for new Souls ,
 When the money is paid for building old Pauls ,
And is not old England, &c.

Then talk you no more of *New England* ,
New England is where *old England* did stand ,
 New Furnish'd, new Fashion'd, new Woman'd, new Man'd ;
And is not old England grown new ?



The Ballad
On the North-Countrymans Song on his
View of London Sights.

When Ize came first to *London-Town*;
 Ize wor a Noviz, as many mo men are;
 Ize thought the King had live at the Crown,
 And all the way to Heaven had been through the Star.

Ize set up my Horfe, and Ize went to Powles,
 Elds nigs, quoth I, what a Kirk bee th hear;
 Then Ize did swear by all Kurfon souls,
 It wor a mile long or very near.

The top wor as high as any Hill;
 A Hill quo, I, nay as a Mountain;
 But Ize went up with very good will,
 But gladder was I to come down again.

For as I went up my Head ga round;
 Then be it known to all Kurfon people,
 A man is no little way fro the Ground;
 When he's w'th the top of *Pauls Steeple*.

Ize lay down my Hat and Ize went to pray,
 But wor not this a pitiful cafe?
 A'vor Ize had done it wor stolen away;
 VWho'd a thought Theeves had been in that place?

Now vor my Hot Ize made great moan,
 A flander by then to me zaid,
 Thou dost not observe the Scripture aright;
 For thou mun a watcht, as well as pray'd.

From thence to *Westminster* Ize went,
 VWhere many a brave Lawyer Ize did zee,
 But zome there had a bad intent;
 In zure my Purse was steln from me.

Now

Pills to purge Melancholy.

ow to see the Tombs was my desire ;
Ize went with many brave fellows store ;
e gan them a Penny that was their hire ,
And he's but a Fool that will give any more.

hen through the Roomes the Fellow me led ,
VWhere all the Zights wor to be zeen ,
nd snuffling told me through the Nose ,
VWhat formerly the Names of those had been.

ere Lyes , quoth he, *Henry* the Third ,
Thou ly'st like a Knave, he zays never a word ;
And here lyes *Richard* the Second Interr'd ,
And hear stands good King *Edward's* Sword.

and under this Chair lyes *Jacobs* Stone ,
The very same stone is now in the Chair :
A very good jest , had *Jacob* but one ?
How got he so many Sons without a pair ?

'staid not there, but down with the Tide ,
Iz' made great hast, and Iz' went my way ,
or Iz' was to see the Lions beside ,
And the *Paris-Garden* all in a day.

VWhen Ize came there, I was in a Rage ,
Ize rayld on him that kept the Bears ,
Instead of a stake , was suffered a stage ,
And in *Hunks* his house a Crew of Players.

Then through the Bridge to the Tower Iz' went ,
VVith much ado Ize ent'rd in ,
And after a Penny that I had spent ,
One with a loud voyce did thus begin :

This Lion's the Kings and that is the Queens ,
And this is the Princes that stands here by ,
VVuh that I went neer to look in the Den ,
Cods body ! quoth he, why come you so night ?

e made great hast unto my Inn ,
Iz' Zupt, and Iz' went to bed betimes ,
e Zlept , and Iz' Dream'd what I had Zeen ,
And wak'd again by *Cheap-side* Chimes.



A Ballad
News and no News.

White Bears are lately come to Town,
That's no News,
And Cuckolds Dogs shall pull them down,
That's no News,
Ten Dozen of Capons sold for a Crown,
Hey ho, that's News indeed.

A Jackanapes at a Merchants dore,
That's no News,
An Irishman in an Alehouse score,
That's no News,
And Gravesend Barge without a VVhore,
Hey ho, that's News indeed.

A Fizzling Cur in a Ladyes lap,
That's no News,
And Feathers wagging in a Fools Cap,
That's no News,
A Lion caught in a Mouse-trap,
Hey ho, that's News indeed.

A Roring Gallant not to thrive,
That's no News,
A Drone to Rob the poor Bees Hive,
That's no News,
A Parsons VVife not apt to——
Hey ho, that's news indeed.

A Taylor brisk in gaudy Clothes,
That's no News,
A Frenchman stradling as he goes,
That's no News,
A Drunkard without a Copper-Nose,
Hey ho, that's News indeed.

A Sattin Suite without a Page ;

That's no News ;

A Rayling Poet on the stage ;

That's no News :

A Rich man honest in this Age,

Hey ho, that's News indeed.

A Petty-fogger, brib'd with fees ;

That's no News ;

A wellman Cram'd with toasted Cheese ;

That's no News ;

A Lad and a Lais in Bed to Freeze :

Hey ho, that's News indeed.

A Lawyer to turn Hypocrite ;

That's no News ;

A Baly to Arrest a Knight ;

That's no News ;

A Court without a Parasite :

Hey ho, that's News indeed.

Before my News be over flipt ;

That's no News,

I wish all Knaves from London shipt ;

That's no News ;

And all the VVhores in Bridewel whipt :

Hey ho, 'Twere News indeed.

A Ballad:

Or the Old Song of an Old Courtier

and a New:

With an Old Song made by an Old Ancient pate,
Of an Old worshipful Gentleman who had a great Estate;
Who kept an Old house at a bountiful rate,
And an Old Porter to relieve the Poor at his Gate,
Like an Old Courtier of the Queens.

With an Old Lady whose anger and good words asswages,
Who every quarter payes her old Servants their wages,
Who never knew what belongs to Coachmen, Footmen and Pages;
But kept twenty or thirty old Fellows, with blew-coats and badges;
Like an old Courtier, &c.

With an old Study fill'd full of Learned books,
With an old Reverend Parson, you may judge him by his looks,
With an old Buttery hatch worn quite off the old hooks,
And an old Kitchen, which maintains half a dozen old cooks;
Like an old, &c.

With an old Hall hung round about with Guns, Pikes and Bows,
With old swords & bucklers, which hath born many shrew'd blows,
And an old Frysadoe coat to cover his worships trunk hose,
And a cup of old Sherry to comfort his [Copper Nose];
Like an old, &c.

With an old Fashion when Christmas is come
To call in his Neighbours with Bag-pipe and Drum,
And good chear enough to furnish every old Room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and a wise man dum;
Like an old &c.

With

VWith an old Hunts-man, a Falkoner and a Kennel of Hounds ;
 VWhich never Hunted, nor Hawked, but in his own Grounds ;
 VWho like an old wife man kept himself within his own bounds ;
 And when he died gave every Child a thousand old pounds ;
Like an old, &c.

But to his eldest Son, his house and land he assign'd,
 Charging him in his VWill to keep the same bountiful mind,
 To be good to his Servants, and to his Neighbours kind,
 But in th' ensuing Ditty, you shall hear how he was enclin'd ;
Like a young Courtier of the Kings.

Like a young Gallant newly come to his Land,
 That keeps a Brace of Creatures at's one command,
 And takes up a thousand pounds upon's own Band,
 And lieth drunk in a new Tavern, till he can neither go nor stand
Like a young, &c.

VWith a neat Lady that is fresh and fair,
 VWho never knew what belong'd to good house-keeping or care
 But buyes several Fans to play with the wanton air,
 And seventeen or eighteen dressings of other womens hair ;
Like an young &c.

VWith a new Hall built where the old one stood,
 VWherein is burned neither coal nor wood,
 And a new Shuffle-board-table where never meat stood,
 Hung Round with Pictures which doth the poor little good.
Like a young, &c.

VWith a new Study stuff't full of Pamphlets and Plays,
 VWith a new Chaplin, that swears faster than he prays,
 VWith a new Buttery Hatch that opens once in four or five days,
 VWith a new French-Cook to make Richshawes and Tayes ;
Like a young, &c.

VWith a new Fashion when Christmas is come,
 VWith a journey up to London we must be gone,
 And leave no body at home but our new Porter John,
 VWho relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone ;
Like a young, &c.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

With a Gentleman-Usher whose carriage is compleat ;
With a Footman, a Coachman, a Page to carry meat ;
With a waiting Gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat ;
Who when the Master hath dyn'd gives the servants little meat ;
Like a young, &c.

With a new honour bought with his Fathers Old Gold,
That many of his Fathers Old Manors hath sold,
And this is the occasion that most men do hold,
That good House-keeping is now a days grown so cold ;
Like a young Courtier of the Kings.



A Ballad.

With a New Beard but latley trim'd ;
VWith a new Love-Lock neatly Kemb'd,
With a new Favour snatcht or nim'd,
VWith a new Doublet *French-like* limb'd,
VWith a new gate as if he swim'd ;
And a new Souldier of the Kings ;
Oh the Kings new Souldier.

With a new Feather in his Cap,
VWith new white Boots without a strap,
And newly paid for, by great hap,
VWith a new Quean upon his lap,
VWhich was newly cur'd of a Clap ;
And a new Souldier, &c.

VWith a new Hat without a Band ;
With a new office without Land ;
With all his Fingers on his Hand,
With a new Face at *Plymouth* Tan'd,
And a new Horse allready Pawn'd ;
And a new Souldier, &c.

with

VWith a new Collock lin'd with Cotton;

VWith Cartridges to call his pot in,

VWith a new Gun that near was shot in;

Under a new Captain very hot in,

A new Comand, and hardly gotten;

And a new Souldier, &c.

With a new Head-peece shot ne're, hit,

With a new head of greenish wit,

With new shirts without Loue or Nit,

With a new band not torn as yet,

With a new Spear, and very fit,

And a new Souldier, &c.

VWith a new Jacket made of buff;

VWith new sleeves of Spanish stuff;

VWith a new Belt of Leather enuff,

VWith new Tobacco-pipes to puff,

And a Brazen face that will huff;

Like a new courtier, &c.

He's newly come to sixteen years,

And gon abroad with his Mothers tears,

With his *Monmoth* Cap about his ears,

With new Rantadoes void of fears:

And with new Oaths by which he swears,

To be a new Souldier, &c.

VWith a new Nose that ne're met foe,

VWith a new Sword that ne're struck blow,

VWith a new red Breech to make a show,

VWith a new Copper lace or two,

And new points on his wings also,

To a new Country he will go,

To drink old Sack, and do no mo:

Like a new Souldier of the Kings,

Oh the Kings new Souldier!

*The Ballad of the Beard.*

THe Beard thick or thin on the Lip or Chin,
Doth dwell so near the Tongue,
That her silence in the Beards defence
May do her Neighbour wrong.

Now a Beard is a thing that Commands in a King,
Be his Scepters ne'r so fair:
Where the Beard bears the sway the people obey,
And are subject to a hair.

'Tis a Princely sight, and a grave delight,
That adornes both young and old;
A well that'cht face is a comely grace,
And a shelter from the Cold.

When the piercing North comes blustering forth
Let a barren face beware;
For a trick it will find, with a Razor of wind,
To shave the face that's bare.

But there's many a nice and strange device
That doth the Beard disgrace,
But he that is in such a foolish sin
Is a traitor to his Face.

Now of the Beards there be such a company,
And fashions such a throng,
That it is very hard to handle a Beard;
Though it be ne'r so long.

The Roman T, in its bravery,
Doth first it self disclose,
That so high it turn's, that oft it burns
With the flames of a Torrid Nose!

The Stiletto Beard, oh! it makes me afeard,
It is so sharp beneath,
For he that doth place a Dagger in's Face,
What wear's he in his sheath?

But me thinks I do Itch to go through stich
 The Needle Beard to amend,
 Which without any wrong, I may call too long,
 For a man can see no end.

The Souldiers Beard, doth march in shear'd;
 In figure like a Spade,
 With which he'l make his enemies quake,
 And think their graves are made.

The grim Stubble eke on the Judges cheek,
 Shall not my verse despise;
 It is more fit for a Nutmeg, but yet,
 It grates poor Prisoners eyes.

VVhat doth invest a Bishops breast
 But a Milk-white spreading hair?
 VVhich an Emblem may be of Integritie,
 Which doth inhabit there.

I have also seen on a womans Chin
 A hair or two to grow,
 But alas the Face, it is too cold a place!
 Then look for a Beard below.

But oh! let us tarry for the Beard of King Harry,
 That grows about the Chin,
 With his bushy pride, and a grove on each side,
 And a Champion ground between.

Last the Clown doth out rush, with his Beard like a bush;
 VVhich may be well endur'd;
 For though his face be in such a case,
 His Land is well manur'd.



A Ballad

In Praise of a Red Nose.

L Et him that undertook to praise
The *French P O X*, and so many wayes
Did prove that it is now a dayes
Commodious :
I say, let him a while give place ;
For I will prove a fiery Face
Is to the owner no disgrace ,
Nor Odious.

Who hath a fiery Face, that man
Is said to have a rich Face, and
Rubies about his Nose , none can
Deny it.
And all men know as well as I ,
That what is rich, most eagerly
We covet, and no cost deny
To buy it.

Some will sell their Clothes from their back ,
And some their Lands, and some will lack
Meat, rather then good Sherry Sack ,
And Clarét:
And they swear (and swear truth) that those
Which drink small Beer, and wear good clothes ;
Do offer wrong unto their Nose ,
And mar it.

If in *Romes* Senate long-nos'd men
 Were chose for wisest, tell me then
 VVhy these should not be praised ? when
 All men know

A fiery Face ne'r is without
 A rich Nose, and how far a snout
 That's rich exceeds a long to doubt,
 Or call men to

Dispute or to Caputulate,
 This matter's not so intricate
 But any may expostulate,
 And judge it:
 And if Judge truly, he'l confess
 Fire-rich, exceeds long wise, I guess
 No man that hath true worthiness
 VVill grutch it.

Besides, the world knows this, that we
 Affirm those gracious that we see
 But Blush, and call it modesty
 In People :
 A Rich face alwayes blushes so
 It doth all faces else out-go
 As far as St. *Faiths* is below
Pauls steeple.

The *Ba* the
 Y
 tew

this
 In
 Coulo



*The Ballad called
The Parson of Rumford,
Or the Merry Maying.*

I Sing of no Ladyes who Dance in the Court,
Nor of the big Lords, so hugeonly Gay,
But of Lads and of Lassies, who make as good sport;
Then away to Rumford, away, away.

From *Burnt-wood*, and *Epping*, from *Eow*, and *Mile-end*,
With Ribbons and Flowers, with Garlands for *May*,
Fine Girles and their Lovers did trip it an end;
And away to Rumford, away, away.

The Streets with green Rushes and Bowers of Boughs,
To welcome these guests the Musick did play;
The Houses as sweet as the Breaths of our Cows,
Come away to Rumford, away, away.

What tricking, what trimming, what Puddings what Souse,
Nay mustard with Beef prepar'd for the day;
And Pigs that the Parson kept long in his house,
For this meting at Rumford, to day to day.

But oh! the brave Gamons with Pepper and Cloves,
And stinging good Ale, was there, be my fay,
As Sweet and as hot as the Kifs of our Lovers,
Come away to Rumford, away away.

But the Cheese-cakes, with Currans so finely were set,
Your Ladyes black-patch es not half so gay,
Tew'd-pruins in syrup as black as the jet;
Come away to Rumford, away away.

This woundy great Feast the Parson did make
In his close-girt Coat, as pert as a Jay,
Could no more stand still then a Bear at a stake;
In the Town of Rumford, to day, to day.

For joy, he spurr'd us a question to Marry,
 And told us the season was best in May;
 Go to it, quoth he, for time will not tarry,
And welcome to Rumsford I say, I say.

We look'd and we look'd on one another,
 He formerly taught us our flesh was but Clay;
 Why should we not joyn like Sister and Brother,
'Tis time at Rumsford, to day, to day.

Then Rowland a Keeper in Epping Chase,
 As bold as a Stag at his Rut, did say,
 Fair Win now Ile Marry, not bating an Ace,
This day at Rumsford, to day to day.

She blush'd, and she wish'd it were quietly done;
 But said good Rowland, what hast is I pray?
 Now you hold me so fast that I cannot run,
This Night then in Rumsford Ile stay, Ile stay.

Now hey for Burnt-Wood, Tom Tanner did cry,
 His Face shining yellow, his Hands brown bay,
 He swor't he'd be coupled to Jenny or dye
In the Town of Rumsford, to day to day.

Dick Butcher of Bow came in a great huff,
 Swore Doll of the Dairy should lead the way,
 Since both he and she handled much better stuff,
In the Town of Rumsford then they, then they.

Little Robin a Glover of Milc-end Town,
 With Mawd who dwelt at the Bottle of Hay;
 Were clapt together with a hey derry down,
And all in Rumsford to day, to day.

A dozen in couples, more the next Morn,
 Went all to the Church to Marry, and Pray,
 That every one might have a small pocket horn,
When they went from Rumsford away a way.

Strike up Tom Piper and Kit with thy Fiddle,
 Play Room for Cuckelds, 'tis almost day;
 Go home with your Wives and play at down-diddle,
And a way from Rumsford, away awa'.



*A Ballad called,
The Man in the Moon.*

BRight *Cynthia* scorns alone to wear Horns ,
To her Sexes grief and shame ;
But swears in despite of the Worlds great light ,
That men shall wear the same :
The man in the *Moon* to hear this in a swoon ,
Quite out of his wits he fell ,
And with this affront (quoth he) a pox on't ,
My Forehead begins to swell.

A way straight he wood , in his Lunatick mood ,
And from his Mistress would run ;
And swore in his heart, though stew'd in his sweat,
He had rather go dwell in the Sun.
But he was pleas'd to see other men pleas'd,
And none that did murmur or mourn ;
For without an affright, each man with delight
Did take to himself the Horn.

The *Lord* he will go , in his *Park* too and fro ,
Persuing the *Dear* that is barren ;
But whilst he's in's *Park*, his *Steward* or *Clerk*
May boldly go hunt in his *Warren*.
The *Citizen* clown, in his foxfurr'd gown ,
And his doublet fac'd with Ale,
Talks slow, and drinks quicker, till his wife like his liquor ;
Leaves working, and relisheth stale.

Lo ! thus she behorn's him, and afterwards scorn's him ,
Though he come to be chief of the Rout :
And thinks it no sin to be occupied within ,
VWhile her Husband is busi'd without.

The *Puritan* will go ten Miles to and fro
 To hear a Sanctifi'd brother ;
 But while his Zeal burns, his wife she up turns
 The eggs of her Eyes to another.

The *Lawyer* to succour u'm, with Parchment and Buckr'um ,
 To *London* the next way will strike ;
 But whilst he opens his case to his Adversaries face
 His wife to a friend may do the like.

The *Physician* will ride to his Patient that dy'd
 Of no disease, but that he did come ;
 But whilst abroad he doth Kill with Portion and Pill ,
 His Wife takes a Glister at home.

The *Merchant* o're run's the Sea with his Gun's ,
 His Marriners and their Mates ;
 But whilst he doth please himself on the Broad Seas ,
 Another may ride on his Streights :
 The *Souldier* will go, like a man to his foe ,
 With brave resolution to fight ;
 Whilst his Wife with her friends, in her wanton armes spends
 Time, And makes him a Beast by night.

And though that he be well Arm'd Cap a pe ,
 He must yield to a naked boys scorn ,
 And instead of bright Steel, and hard Iron, he'l
 Be content with a hard piece of Horn.
 Thus all men will love their Wives though they prove
 Them false even in their own sight ;
 But yet they do well, for a Horn (you can tell)
 Was alwayes a friend to the Night.



A Ballad
Or Colins Adventure.

AS Colin went forth his sheep to unfold
In a Morning of April, as gray as 'twas cold,
In a Thicket he heard a Voyce it self spread;
Which was O, O, *I am almost dead,*

He peep't in the Bushes and spide where there lay
His Mistress, whose countenance made April May;
But yet in her looks some sadness was read,
Crying O, O, *I am almost dead.*

He rush't in to her, and cryed, what's the matter?
Ah! Colin, quoth she, why will you come at her?
Who by the false Swain hath often been mislead,
For which O, O, *I am almost dead.*

He turn'd her Milk-payl, and there he down sat,
His Hands strok't his Beard, on his Knee lay his Coat;
But, O, still Mop/a cry'd before ought was said,
Colin O, O, *I am almost dead.*

No more, quoth stought Colin! I ever was true,
Thou gav'st me a Handkercher all hem'd with Blew.
A Pin-box I gave thee, and a Girdle so Red;
Yet still she Cry'd O, O, *I am almost dead.*

Delaying, quoth she, hath made me thus ill,
For I never fear'd Sarah that dwelt at the Mill;
Since in the Evening late her Hogs thou hast fed;
For which O, O, *I am almost dead.*

Colin then Chuckt her under the Chin,
Cheer up, for to Love thee I never will lin,
Says, she Ple believe it when the Parson has read,
Till then O, O, *I am almost dead.*

Ud's boars, quoth *Colin*, I'le new my Shoo'n ,
 And ere the week pass, by the Mass it shall be don :
 You might have done this before, then she sed ,
 But now O, O, *I am almost dead.*

He gave her a twitch that quite turn'd her round ;
 And said I'm the truest that ere trod on ground ;
 Come settle thy Milk-pail fast on thy head ,
 No more O, O, *I am almost dead.*

Why then I percieve thou'lt not leave me in the lurch ;
 I'le don my best Clothes and straight to the Church :
 Jog on, merry *Colin*, jog on before ,
 For Ifaith Ifaith, *Ple die no more.*



A Ballad
of A Good Wife and a Bad.

To the Tune of *When Fortune was so Kind.*

SOME VVives are Good and some are Bad ,
 (Reply) *Me thinks you touch them now ,*
 And some will make their Husbands mad ,
 (Cho.) *And so will my wife too :*
 And my wife and thy wife ,
 And my wife so will do.

SOME VVomen love to breed discord ,
 Me thinks, &c.
 And soine will have the latter word ,
 (Cho.) *And so will my wife too :*
 And my wife, &c.

SOME VVomen will Spin, and some will Sow ,
 Me thinks &c.
 And some will to the Tavern go ,
 (Cho.) *And so will my wife too :*
 And my wife , &c.

Some women will say thei'r sick at Heart ,

Me thinks , &c.

And some will let a rousing Fart ,

(Cho.) *And so will my wife too :*

And my , &c.

Some women will ban, and some will curse ,

Me thinks , &c.

And some will pick their Husbands Parle ,

(Cho.) *And so will my wife too :*

And my , &c.

Some women will Brawle, and some will Scold ,

Me thinks , &c.

And some will make their Husbands Cuckold ,

(Cho.) *And so will my wife too :*

And my , &c.

Some women will drink, and some will not ,

Me thinks , &c.

And some will take the to'ther Pot ,

(Cho.) *And so will my wife too :*

And my , &c.

Some women are sick, and some are sound ,

Me thinks , &c.

And some will take it on the Ground ,

(Cho.) *And so will my wife too :*

And my , &c.

Thus of my song Ile make an end ,

Me thinks , &c.

Hoping all women will amend ,

(Cho.) *And so will my wife too :*

And my wife , &c.

A Ballad



A Ballad

Intituled the *Faries Farewel*.

Farewel Rewards and *Faries* ,
 Good Housewives may say ,
 For now foul sluts in *Daries* ,
 Do fare as well as they :
 And though they sweep their Hearths no less
 Then Mayds were wont to do ,
 Yet who of late for Cleanlines
 Finds *Six-pence* in her shooe ?

Lament, Lament old Abbies ,
 The *Faries* lost Command ;
 They did but change Priests Babies ,
 But some have chang'd your Land :
 And all your Children sprung from thence
 Are now grown *Puritans* ,
 Who live as Changlings ever since ,
 For love of your Demeans.

At Morning and at Evening both
 You Merry were and Glad ;
 So little care of Sleep or Sloth
 These prettie Ladies had :
 VVhen *Tom* came home from labour ,
 Or *Ciss* to Milking rose ,
 Then merrily, merrily went their Taber ,
 And Nimble went their Toes.

VVitnefs those Rings and Round delays ;
 Of theirs which yet remain ,
 VVere footed in *Queen Maries* dayes
 On many a Grassy Plain :

But since of late *Elizabeth* ;
And later *James* came in ;
They never danc'd on any Heath ;
As when the time hath been.

By which we note the *Faries*
Were of the old Profession ,
Their Songs were *Ave Maryes*
Their Dances were Proceffion :
But now alas they all are dead ,
Or gone beyond the Seas ,
Or farther for Religion fled :
Or else they take their ease.

A Tell-tale in their Company
They never could endure ,
And who so kept not secretly
Their Mirth was punish't sure ?
It was a just and Christian deed
To Pinch such black and blew ;
But oh ! the Common Wealth do want
Such Justices as you.

Now they have left our Quarters ,
A *Register* they have ,
VWho looketh to their Charters ;
A man both wise and grave :
A Hundred of their merry Pranks
By one that I can name
Are kept in store, Con twenty thanks
To *William* for the same.

I marvel who his cloke would turn !
VWhen *Puck* had led him round ,
Or where those walking Fires would burn ,
VWhere *Cureton* would be found ?
How *Broker* would appear to be
For whom this Age doth Mourn ?
But that their Spirits live in thee ,
In thee, old *William Chourne*.

To *William Chourne* of *Stafford-shire*,
 Give Laud and Praises due,
 VVho every meal can mend your chear;
 VVith talks both old and true.
 To *William* all give audience,
 And pray ye for his Noddle:
 For all the *Faries* evidence
 VVere lost, If that were Addle.



A Ballad of
 THE P I G G.

(1)

I Sing not Reader of the fight
 'Twixt Bailiffs and that doughty Knight
 Sir *Ambrose*, sung before:
 Nor of that dismal Counter scuffle,
 Nor yet of that Pantofle
 They say the Virgin wore.

(2)

No Turkey-cock with Pigmyes fray,
 Or whether then did get the day,
 Nor yet *Tom Coriots* shoes;
 Nor yet the swine-fac'd Maidens-head,
 I'th' *Netherlands* they say was bred,
 Is subject of my Muse.

(3)

But in Rhime Doggril I shall tell,
 What danger to a Pig befell,
 As I can well rehearse;
 As true as if the Pig could speak
 On Spit, in Prose would either squeak,
 Or grunt it out in Verse.

(4)

A boysterous rout of armed Host,
Just as the Pig was ready rost,
Rusht in at doors, (God blefs us !)
The Leader of this Warlike rout,
Strong men at armes, and stomach stout;
I ween, was Captain *Bessus*.

(5)

They lately had in *Scotland* been;
VWhere they such store of Sows had seen;
That garr'd them hate their Babbies:
And *Bessus* men neer *Norton* lay,
VWhere Pigs you know on Orgins play,
That once belong'd to Abbies.

(6)

It was a Tithe Pig, I confess;
And so the crime might be no less;
Then is't a Caslock wore;
But yet in Orders it was ne're,
Nor ever preacht, unless it were
Ith' tub the night before.

(7)

Nor was it Popishly inclin'd,
Although by Forrest law their kind
Are taught to use the Ring:
VWhat though it wore a Scarlet-Coat?
It ne're appear'd ith' Kirk to vote
For her Fine Baby King.

(8)

But right or wrong, such dainty Cates
VWere nere ordain'd for Reprobates,
The fat o'th earth is theirs;
The Saints by Faith and Plunder have
An heritage, and must enslave
Malignants, and their Heirs.

(9)

Fall on, fall on, they cry aloud ,
 This Pig's of Antichristian brood ,
 You'l find we are no dastards ,
 Their Teeth so sharp, their Stomachs keen
 That *Marriots* you would them ween ,
 Or *Wood of Kenis* own Bastards.

(10)

But now to tell how from the paws
 Of th' unlickt VVhelps with greedy jaws
 This Pig escap'd, hereafter ;
 As then our bellies gan to prank it ,
 (Thanks to *Besse* for that good banquet ,
 VVill fill your mouth with Laughter.

(11)

A sturdy Lads with courage bold ,
 On Pig, and Spit, and all, laid hold ,
 And swore she would it rescue ;
 For whether they their Teeth did set ,
 For anger, or for hunger whet ,
 She way'd not that a rescue.

(12)

This brave incounter had you seen ,
 You would have sworn she should be Queen
 Of th' Amazons, or Fayries ;
 And if she make good the retreat ,
 Her sole protectress wee'l create
 Of Milk-maids and their Daries.

(13)

Up stairs she marcheth in a trice ,
 And safely convey'd is the Greice
 Into my Ladies chamber ;
 Such holy grounds not trod by those
 VVhose arm-pits, and whose sockless toes
 Are not so sweet as amber.

(14)

The *Jewes* ne're eat their Pascal Lamb
In half {such} haſt, as we did cram
This Pig unto our dinners :
Like Presbyterians we did feed ,
No grace that day our meat did need ,
For that belongs to ſinners.

(15)

And when the ſtory of the Pig
Was done ; the Pettitoes a Jig
Came tripping in at Supper ;
'Twas meat and drink to us to ſee
The ſouldiers by the Jade to be
Thus thruſt beſides the Crupper.



A new Ballad :
Call'd the Tunbridge Doctors.

YOU *Maydens* and *Wives* ,
And young *widowes* rejoyce ,
Declare your thanksgiving ,
With Heart and with Voice ;
Since Waters were Waters
I dare boldly ſay
There ne'r was ſuch cauſe
Of a Thankſgiving day.

For from *London-Town*
There's lately come down ,
Our *Able Phyſicians*
That never wore Gown :

Their Physick is Pleasant ;
 Their Dose is large ,
 And you may be Cur'd
 Without Danger or Charge.

No Bolus nor Vomit ,
 No Poison nor Pill ,
 Which sometimes do Cure ,
 But ofner do Kill ,
 Your Tast nor your Stomach
 Need ever displease ,
 If you'l be advised
 By one of these.

For they've a new Drug
 Which is call'd *The close Hug* ,
 Which will mend your Complexion ,
 And make you look sinug ;
 A Sovereign *Balsam*
 Which once well apply'd ,
 Though griev'd at the Heart
 The Patient ne'r Dy'd.

In the Morning you need not
 Be robb'd of your rest ,
 For in your warm Beds
 Your physick works best ;
 And though in the taking
 Some stirring's requir'd ,
 The motion's so pleasant
 You cannot be tyr'd.

For on your Backs you must lye ,
 With your Body rais'd hie ,
 And one of these Doctors
 Must alwayes be by ,
 Who still will be ready
 To cover you warm ,
 For if you take cold
 All Physick doth harm.

Before they do venture
To give their direction,
They *alwayes* consider
Their Patients complexion;
If she have a moist Palm
Or a Red Head of Hair,
She requires more Physick
Than one man can spare.

If she have a long Nose,
The Doctors scarce knows
How many good handfuls
Must go to her Dose;
You Ladies that have
Such ill Symptomes as these;
In reason of conscience
Should pay double fees.

But that we may give
To these Doctors due praise;
Who all sorts of people
Their favour conveys;
On the ugly for pity sake
Skill shall be shown,
And as for the handsom;
They're Cur'd for their own.

On the Silver or Gold
They never lay hold,
For what comes so freely
They scorn should be sold;
Then joyn with the Doctors,
And heartily pray,
Their power of Healing
May never decay.

F 2

A Ballad



A Ballad

Called the German Doctor ,
As it was Sung by his man Merry Andrew.

To the Tune of (*Why should I pine away.*)

IS any Deaf, is any Blind ,
Is any bound or loose behind ?
Is any Foul that would be Fair ,
Would any Lady change her Hair ;
Doe's any Dream, do's any Walk ,
Or in their Sleep affrighted talk ?
*I come to Cure what ere you feel ,
Within, without, from head to heel.*

Be Drums or Rattles in thy head ,
Are not thy Brains well tempered ;
Doe's *Eolus* thy Stomach gnaw ,
Or breed there Vermin in thy Maw ;
Dost thou desire and cannot please ,
Lo ! here's the best Cantharides ;
I came to Cure what , &c.

Even all Diseases that arise
From ill disposed Crudities ,
From too much Study, too much Pain ,
~~From~~ From Lazineſs, and from a ſtrain ;
From any humour doing harm ,
Be it dry, or moiſt , or cold or warm :
I come to Cure what , &c.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

69

Of Lazy Gout I Cure the Rich ,
I rid the Begger of the Itch ,
I Fleam do void, both thick and thin ,
I dislocated joynts put in ,
I can old Age to Youth restore ,
And do a thousand wonders more.
*I come to Cure what ere you feel ,
Within, without, from head to heel.*

Second Part.

Mayds of the Chamber or of the Kitching,
If you be troubled with the Itching ,
Come, give me but a Kiss or two ,
And here is that shall cure you.
*Nor Gallen nor Hipocrates ,
Did ever do such Cures as these.*

Crackt Maydens that cannot hold their Water;
Or use to break wind in your Laughter ,
Or be you vext with Kybes, with Corns ,
Ile cure, or Cuckolds of their Horns ;
Nor Gallen nor , &c.

Lusty *Sis*, Mayd of the Dairy,
Chance to be Blew Nipt by the Farie,
Or making butter with her Tail ,
Ile give her that shall never fail.
Nor Gallen nor , &c.

Or if some mischance betide her
Or that the Night-Mare over ride her ,
Or if she tell all in a Dream ,
Ile help her for a mess of Cream.
*Nor Gallen nor Hipocrates
Did ever do such Cures as these.*

Third

Third Part.

Here's Water to quench Mayden fires ;
 Here's Spirits for old Occupiers ,
 Here's Powders to preserve youth long ,
 Here's Oyl to make weak Sinnew strong ;
What is't you lack , what would you buy ,
What is't that you do need ?
Come to me Galants, Taste and try
Here's that will do the deed.

This Powder doth preserve from fate,
 This cures the Melesiciate ,
 Lost Mayden-heads this doth restore ;
 And makes them Virgins as before ;
What is't you lack , &c.

Here's Cure for Bone-ach, Feavers Lurdens ,
 Unlawful or untimely burthens ,
 Diseases of all Sex, all Ages,
 This Medicine Cureth or asswages :
What is't you lack , &c.

I have Receipts to cure the Gour,
 To keep Pox in, or put them out ,
 To cool hot Bloods, cool Bloods to warm ,
 Shall do you (if no good) no harm.
What is't you lack , what would you buy ,
What is't that you do need ?
Come Gallants, taste and try ,
Here's that will do the deed.



*A Ballad
Called the Angler.*

OF all the Recreations which
Attend to humane Nature ,
There's nothing soars so high a pitch
Or is of such a stature ,
As is the subtil *Anglers* life
In all mens approbation ,
For *Anglers* tricks do daily mix
With every Corporation.

When *Eve* and *Adam* liv'd in Love
And had no cause of Jangling ,
The Devil did the Waters move ,
The Serpent went to Angling :
He baits his hook with god-like look ,
Thought he this will intangle her ,
The woman chops, and down she drops ;
The Divil was first and Angler.

Physicians, Lawyers, and Divines
Are most Ingenions Janglers ,
And he that tries shall find in fine
That all of them are Anglers ;
Whilst grave *Divines* do fish for Souls,
Physicians (like *Cormugeons*)
Do bait with health, to fish for wealth,
And *Lawyers* fish for Gudgeons.

A *Polititian* too is one
Concern'd in Piscatory ,
He writes, he fights, unites and flights
To purchase wealth and glory ;

His Plummet sounds the Kingdoms bounds
 To make the Fishes nibble,
 His Ground-bait is a past of lies,
 And he blinds them with th' Bible.

Upon the Exchange 'twixt twelve and one
 Meets many a neat Intangler,
 'Mongst *Merchant-men* not one in ten
 But is a cunning Angler:
 For like the Fishes in the Brook
 Brother doth swallow Brother,
 A Golden-bait hangs at the Hook,
 And they fish for one another.

A *Shop-keeper* I next prefer
 A formall man in black Sir,
 He throws his Angle every where,
 And cries, what is't you lack Sir,
 Fine Silks or Stuffs, or Hoods or Muffs;
 But if a *Courtier* prove the Intangler,
 My Citi en must look to't then,
 Or the Fish will catch the Angler.

A Lover is an Angler too,
 And baits his Hooks with kisses,
 He playes, he toyes, he fain would do,
 But often times he misses;
 He gives her Rings and such fine things
 A Fan and Muff and Night-hood,
 But if you cheat a City pate
 You must bait your Hook with Knight-hood.

There is no Angler like a Wench
 Stark-naked in the water,
 She'l make you leave both Trout and Tench
 And throw your self in after;
 Your Hook and Line she will confine,
 Then tangled is th' Intangler,
 And this I fear hath spoyld the ware
 Of many a Jov'al Angler.

But if you'l Trowl for a *Scriv'ners* soul
Cast in a Rich y^{oung} Gallant,
To take a *Courtier* by the pole,
Though in a Golden Tallent :
But yet I fear the draught will ne're
Compound for half the charge an't,
But if you'l catch the Divel at a snatch
You must bait him with a *Sergeant*.

Thus have I made my Anglers Trade
To stand above defiance,
For like the *Mathematick* Art,
It runs through every Science :
If with my Angling Song I can
To Mirth and pleasure seize you,
Ple bait my hook with Wit again,
And Angle still to please you.



The Ballad

Of the two Amorous Swains.

TO *M* and *Will* were Shepherds Swains
Who lov'd and lived together,
Till fair *Pastora* grac'd the Plains,
A las! why came she thither :
Tom and *Will* fed several Flocks,
Yet felt both one desire ;
Pastora's Eyes and comely Locks
Set both their hearts on fire.

Tom came of a gentle race
 By Father and by Mother ;
Will was noble, but alas
 He was a younger Brother !
Tom was toy-some , *Will* was sad ;
 No Hunts-man nor no Fowler ,
Tom was held the properer Lad,
 But *Will* the better Bowler.

Tom would drink her health and swear
 The Nation could not want her ,
Will would take her by the Eare
 And with his Voyce Inchant her :
Tom kept alwayes in her sight
 And ne'r forgot his duty ,
Will was witty and would write
 Sweet Sonnets on her Beauty.

Yet which of them she loved best ,
 Or whether she lov'd either ;
 'Twas thought they found it to their cost
 That she indeed lov'd neither :
 Yet she was so sweet a she
 So pleasing in behaviour ,
 That *Tom* thought he, and *Will* thought he
 Was chiefest in her favour.

Pastora was a lovely Lads
 And of a comely feature ,
 Divinely good and fair she was ,
 And kind to every Creature :
 Of favour she was provident ,
 And yet not over-sparing,
 She gave no loose encouragement ,
 Yet kept men from despairing.

Whe Tatling fame had made report
 Of fair *Pastora's* beauty ,
Pastora's sent for to the Court ,
 For to perform her duty ;

And

And to the Court *Paflora's* gone,
It were no Court without her,
The Queen of all her Train had none
Was half so fair about her.

Tom hung his Dog, and flung away
His Ship-hook, and his Wallet;
Will broke his Pipes, and Curst the day
That ere he made a Ballet:
Their Nine-pins and their bowls they brake,
Their Tunes were turn'd to Tears;
'Tis time for me an end to make,
Let them go shake their Ears.



*A Ballad called
The Jovial Bear-ward.*

THough it may seem rude
For me to intrude
With these my *Bears* by chance-a,
'Twere sport for a King
If they could sing
As well as they can dance-a.

Then to put you out
Of fear or doubt,
I came from St *Katharine's*
These Dancing Three,
By the help of me,
Who am Keeper of the signe-a.

We sell good ware
 And we need not care
 Though Court and Country knew it ;
 Our *Ale's* o'th best ,
 And each good Quest
 Prayes for their souls that Brew it ;

For any Ale-house
 We care not a Louse ,
 Nor Tavern in all the Town-a ;
 Nor the *Vinty Cranes*
 Nor *St. Clement Danes* ,
 Nor the *Divel* can put us down-a

Who has once there been
 Comes hither again ,
 The Liquor is so mighty ;
 Beer strong and stale ,
 And so is our *Ale* ,
 And it Burns like *Aquavite*.

The Wives of *Wapping*
 They trudge to our Tapping ,
 And still our *Ale* desire ,
 And there sit and drink
 Till they spue and stink ,
 And often piss out the fire ,

From morning to night ,
 And about to day-light ,
 They sit and never grudge it ;
 Till the *Fish-wives* joyn ,
 Their single coyn ,
 And the *Tinker* pawns his budget :

If their brains be not well ,
 Or bladders do swell ,
 To ease them of their burden ;
 My Lady will come
 VVith a Bowl and a Broom ,
 And her hand-maid with a Jourdan :

From Court we invite
 Lord, Lady and Knight,
 'Squire, Gentlemen, Yeomen and Groom;
 And all our stiff Drinkers
 Smiths, Porters and Tinkers,
 And the Beggars shall give you room.



A Ballad

*Upon the New Inn, with the Famous Signe-Post
 called the White-Heart at Skoal in Norfolk.*

1.

DId none of you hear
 Of a wonder last year;
 That through all *Norfolk* did ring;
 Of an *Inn* and an *Host*,
 With a *Signe* and a *Post*,
 That might hold (*God bleſs us*) the *King*.

2.

The building is great,
 And very compleat,
 But cannt be compar'd to the *Signe*;
 But within dores I think
 'S scarce a drop of good drink,
 For *Bacchus* drinks all the best *Wine*.

3.

But here's the design,
 VVhat's amiss in the *Wine*,
 By *wenches* shall be supply'd;
 There's three on a row
 Stands out for a show,
 To draw in the *Gallants* that ride.

4.

The first of the three
Diana should be ,
 But she cuckolded poor *Alexon* ,
 And his Head she adorns
 With such visible horns ,
 That he's fit for his hounds for to prey on.

5.

'Tis unsafe we do find
 To trust *Women* kind ,
 Since horning's a part of their trade ;
Diana is patch't
 As a *Goddess* that's chaste ,
 Yet *Alexon* a Monster she made.

6.

The next wench doth stand
 With the *Scales* in her hand ,
 And is ready to come at your beck ;
 A new trick they've found ,
 To sell Sack by the pound ,
 But 'twere better they'd sell't by the peck.

7.

The last of the three
 They say *Prudence* must be ,
 With the *Serpent* and *Horn* of plenty ;
 But *Plenty* and *Wit*
 So seldom doth hit ,
 That they fall not to one in twenty.

8.

But above these things all
 Stands a Fellow that's small ,
 With a *Quadrant* discerning the *Wind* ,
 And says he's a fool
 That travels from *Stoal* ,
 And leaves his good liquor behind.

9.

Neer the top of the signe
Stands three on a line,
One is *Temperance*, still pouring out;
And *Fortitude* will
Drink what *Temperance* fill,
And fears not the stone or the gout.

10.

The next to these three,
You'll an *usurer* see,
VVith a *Prodigal* child in his mouth;
'Tis *Time* (as some say)
And well so it may,
For they be devourers both.

11.

The last that you stare on,
Is old Father *Charon*,
VVho's wafting a wench o'r the ferry;
VVhere *Cerberus* do's stand,
To watch where they land,
And together they go to be merry.

12.

Now to see such a change
Is a thing that is strange,
That one, who as stories do tell us,
His money has lent
At fifty *per cent*
A Colledge should build for good fellows.

13.

But under this work
Does a mystery lurk,
That shews us a founders design;
He has chalk'd out the way
For *Gallants* to stray,
That their lands may be his in fine.

That

14.

That's first an *Ale-bench* ;
 Next *bounds*, then a *wench* ;
 With these three to *roar* and to *revel* ;
 Brings the prodigal's lands
 To the *Usurers* hands ,
 And his body and soul to the *Devil*.

15.

Now if you would know ,
 After all this adoe ,
 By what name this *Sign* should be known ;
 Some call't this , and some that ,
 And some I know not what ;
 But 'tis many signs in one.

16.

'Tis a sign that who built it ;
 Had more money then wit ,
 And more *wealth* then he got or can use ;
 'Tis a sign that all we
 Have less wit then he ,
 That come thither to drink , and may chuse.

The Bal-



The Ballad
Of Old *Simon* the King.

I N a humour I was late
As many good fellows be,
To think of no matters of State;
But to seek for good companie
That best contented me,
I travell'd up and down,
No company I could find
Till I came to the signe of the Crown;
My hostess was sick of the Mumps,
The Maid was ill at ease
The Tapster was drunk in his Dumps
They were all of one disease
Says Old *Simon* the King.

Considering in my mind,
And thus I began to think,
If a man be full to the Throat
And cannot take off his drink;
And if his drink will not down
He may hang himself for shame,
So may the Tapster at the Crown,
Where upon this reason I frame;
Drink will make a man Drunk,
And Drunk will make a man Dry;
Dry will make a man Sick,
And Sick will mak a man Dye
Says Old *Simon* the King.

If a man should be drunk to night,
And laid in his Grave to morrow,
Will you or any man say
That he dyed of Care or Sorrow?

G

Then

Then hang up sorrow and care ,
 'Tis able to Kill a Cat ,
 And he that will drink all night
 Is never afraid of that !
 For Drinking will make a man Quaff ,
 Quaffing will make a man Sing ;
 Singing will make a man Laugh ,
 And Laughing long life doth bring ,
 Says Old *Simon* the King.

If a Puritan Skinker cry
 Dear brother, It is a Sin
 To drink unless you be dry ,
 Then strait this tale I begin ;
 A Puritan left his Can
 And took him to his Jug ,
 And there he play'd the man
 As long as he could tug ;
 But when that he was spide ,
 What did he swear or rail ?
 No truly, Dear brother, he cry'd
 Indeed all flesh is frail ,
 Says Old *Simon* the King.

So Fellows if you'l be Drunk ,
 Of frailtie it is a sin ,
 Or for to keep a Punk
 Or play at In and In ;
 For Drink and Dice and Drabs
 Are all of one condition ,
 And will breed want and Scabs
 In spite of the Physician :
 Who so fears every grass
 Must never piss in a Meddow ,
 And he that loves a Pot and a Lase
 Must never cry Oh my head, oh !
 Says Old *Simon* the King.



*The Ballad
Of the Fryer and the Maid.*

AS I' lay musing all alone
A merry Tale I thought upon ;
Now listen a while and I will you tell
Of a Fryer that lov'd a Bonny Lasse well.

He came to her when she was going to bed
Desiring to have her Maiden-head ;
But she denyed his desire ,
And said that she did fear Hell-fire.

Tush, tush, quoth the Fryer, thou need'st not doubt ;
If though wer't in Hell, I could sing the out :
Why then, quoth the Maid, thou shalt have thy request ;
The Fryer was as glad as a Fox in his nest.

But one thing more I must request
More than to sing me out of Hell-fire ,
That is for doing of the thing
An Angel of Mony you must me bring.

Tush, tush, quoth the Fryer, we two shall agree ,
No Mony shall part thee and me ;
Before thy compan / I will lack
Ile pawn the Gray-gown off my back.

This Maid bethought her on a Wile
How she might this Fryer beguile ;
When he was gone , the truth to tell,
She hung a Cloth before a Well :

The Fryer came, as his bargain was,
 With Mony unto his Bonny Lads;
 Good morrow, Fair Maid, good morrow, quoth she;
 Here is the Mony I promis'd thee.

She thank'd him, and she took the Mony;
 Now let's go to't, my own sweet-Honey:
 Nay, stay a while, some respite make,
 If my Master should come, he would us take.

Alas! quoth the Maide, my Master doth come;
 Alas! quoth the Frier, where shall I run?
 Behind yon Cloth run thou, quoth she,
 For there my Master cannot see.

Behind the Cloth the Fryer went,
 And was in the Well incontinent:
 Alas! quoth he, I'm in the Well;
 No matter, quoth she, if thou wert in Hell.

Thou said'st thou could'st sing me out of Hell,
 I prethee sing thy self out of the Well;
 Sing out, quoth she, with all thy might,
 Or else thou'rt like to sing there all night.

The Fryar Sang out with a pittiful sound
 Oh! help me out or I shall be Drownd:
 She heard him make such pitiful moan,
 She hope him out, and bid him go home.

Quoth the Fryer I never was serv'd so before;
 Away, quoth the Wench, come here no more:
 The Fryer he walked a long the street
 As if it had been a new washed Sheep,
 Sing hey down a derry; and let's be merry,
 And from such sin ever to keep.



*A Ballad
Called the Politick Drinker.*

MY Masters and Friends, whosoever intends
To trouble this Room with discourse ;
You that do sit by, are as guilty as I,
Be your talk better or worse.
Now lest you should prate of Matters of State,
Or any thing else that might hurt us ;
Rather let us drink off our Cups to the brink,
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

Suppose you speak clean, from the matter you mean,
That's not a pin here nor there ;
Yet take this advice, Be merry and wise,
You know not what creatures be near :
Or suppose that some Sot should lurk in this Pot,
To scatter our words that might hurt us
To free that same doubt, we'll see the Pot out,
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

If any man here be in bodily fear
Of a Woolf, a wife, or a Tweak,
Here's Armour of proof shall keep her a loof,
This liquor will make a man speak :
Or if any enter to Challenge his friend,
Or rail at a Lord that might hurt us,
Let him drink once or twice of this *Helicon* Juice ;
And then he shall speak to the purpose.

He that rails at the Times in Prose or in Rhimes ;
Doth bark like a Dog at the Moon,
Barking prophecies strange, and threatens some change ;
And hang them upon the Queens Tomb :

He is but a Raylor, or a prophes'ing Taylor,
 To scatter out words that might hurt us;
 Let's talk of no matches, but drink and sing Catches,
 And then we shall speak to the purpose

It is a mad zeal for a man to Reveal
 His secret thoughts when he Bouzes,
 And he's but a wigion that talks of Religion
 In Taverns or Tipling houses.
 It is not for us such things to discover,
 Let's talk of nothing that might hurt us,
 But let us begin a Health to our King,
 And then we shall speak to the purpose.

A midst of our bliss it is not amiss
 To talk of our going home late;
 If a Constable Kite, or a Pispot at night
 Should chance to douse on our pate,
 It were all in vain to rage or complain,
 Or scatter out words that might hurt us,
 T'were better trudge home to honest kind *Joan*,
 And then we shall speak to the purpose.



A Ballad.

Or the Reformed Drinker.

Come, my Hea:ts of Gold ;
Let us be merry and wise ;
It is a proverb of old -
Suspition hath double Eyes :
Whatsoever we say or do
Let's not Drink to disturb the brain ;
Let's laugh for an hour or two
And ne're be drunk again.

A cup of old Sack is good
To drive the cold Winter away ,
'Twill cherish and comfort the blood
Most when a man's Spirits decay ;
But he that doth drink too much
Of his head he will complain ;
Then let's have a gentle touch,
And ne're be drunk again.

Good Claret was made for man ,
But man was not made for it ;
Let's be merry as we can,
So we drink not away our wit :
Good Fellowship is a bus'd ,
And Wine will infect the brain ;
But we'l have't better us'd,
And ne're will be drunk again.

When with good fellows we meet ,
A Quart among three or four
'Twill make us stand on our feet
While others lie Drunk on the Floore :

Then

Then Drawer go fill a quart,
 And let it be Claret in grain;
 'Twill cherish and comfort the Heart,
 But we'l ne'r be de drunk again.

Here's a Health to our Noble King,
 And to the Queen of his Heart;
 Lets laugh and merrily sing
 And he's a Coward that will start.
 Here's a Health to our General,
 And to those that were in *Spain*,
 And to our Colonel,
 And we'l ne're be drunk again

Enough's as good as a Feast,
 If a man did but measure know;
 A Drunkard's worse thaa a Beast,
 For he'l drink till he cannot go.
 If a man could time recall
 In a Tavern that's spent in vain,
 We'd learn to be sober all,
 And ne're be Drunk again.

The Bal-



A Ballad
of the Courtier, and the Country Clown.

YOU Courtiers scorn we Country Clowns,
We Country Clowns care not for Court;
But we'll be as merry upon the Downs
As you are at midnight with all your sport;
With a Fadding, &c.

You Hawk, you Hunt, you ly upon Pallets,
You Eat you drink the Lord knows how;
We sit upon Hillocks and pick up our Salets,
And drink up a Syllabub under a Cow;
With a Fadding, &c.

Your Masks are made for Knights, and Lords
And Ladyes that go fine and gay;
VVe dance to such Musick the Backpipe affords,
And trick up your Lasses as well as we may:
With a Fadding, &c.

Bal-

Your Cloths are made of Silk and Satin,
And ours are made of good Sheeps gray;
You mix your discourses with peeces of Latin,
VVe speak our own English as well as we may:
With a Fadding, &c.

Your Chambers are hung with Cloth of Arras,
Our Meddows be deckt as fine as may be;
And from our sport you never shall bar us,
Since Joan in the Dark is as good as my Lady:
With a Fadding, &c.

You

You Courtiers clip and cull upon beds ,
 We Jumble our Lasses upon the Grasse ;
 And when we have gotten their Mayden-heads
 They serve to make a Courtiers Lasse :
With a Fadding , &c.

You dance Corants and the French Braull ;
 We Jig the Morrice upon the Green ;
 And we make good sport in a Country Hall ,
 As you do before the King and the Queen :
With a Fadding , &c.

Then Ladyes do not us disdaine
 Although we wear no gaudie Cloaths ,
 You'll find as much pith in a Country Swaine
 When he plucks up your gay imbroydred Cloaths :
With a Fadding Fadding.



A Ballad

Called , Crefadays Lamentation.

IN a green Meddow , a River running by ,
 I heard a prety Mayden Lament, Weep, Sigh and Cry ;
 The Tears fell from her Eyes as clear as any pearl ,
 And I much Lamented the mourning of this Girl :
 She sighed and sobbed, and to her self she said ,
 A las ! what hap had I to live so long and die a Maid.

Now in this World no Charity is known ,
 And young men are hard-hearted, which makes me lie alone ;
 The day and time hath been, had I not been so nice,
 I might enjoy'd my True-Love if I had been so wise :
 But Sullenness, Coyness and Pevishness such store
 Hath brought me to this pensiveness, and many Maidens more.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

92

Some Dames that are so nice, that hear me thus complain ;
Will think me fond and idle, and much my credit stain ;
But let me answer them , the Case may be their own ,
The wisest on the Earth may by love be overthrow'n :
For *Cupid* he is blind, and cometh in a Globe ,
He ay meth at a Rag as well as at a Robe.

Venus she was Beautiful, and eke a goddess born ,
And yet to love poor *Vulcan* she took it not in scorn ;
His Hammer hit so round, and had so sweet a touch ,
She liked well the sound, oh it pleased her too much !
Her raging love rayned within her loving breast ,
Till *Mars* came down in Armour to give *Vulcan* a Crest.

Since goddesses come down to play with such a Boy ,
Why may not pretty Maidens commit an idle toy ?
For *Hellen* of *Greece* for Beauty was the rarest ,
She was the wonder of the World, and certainly the fairest ;
Yet could she nor would she remain a Maiden still
The Town of *Troy* can witness, the breeder of their ill.

Virginity's a burden which few or none can carry ,
And that is sure the reason why our Mothers all did Marry ;
Then sith it is a pastime that hath been us'd before ,
If bashfulness do wrong me, I'll deny no more :
Be it light, or be it dark, do ye look or wink,
You cannot miss the mark, if you have the wit to think.

Although some Maidens lightly deny it when it's offer'd ,
Yet I'de wish you wisely to take it when 'tis profer'd ,
And be not like to *Cresady*, that seems so true a friend ,
Lest you be glad to take poor *Charity* in the end.
For time lost, and time past cannot be call'd again ,
Therefore all Maidens make haste, lest with me you complain.

A Ballad



A Ballad
 Called a medly of Wooers.

I am a young Lads, my time it doth pass,
 Of late I do long for to marry,
 I have for my Dear five thousand a year,
 And yet I love good Sir Harry.

I have with a Scot mickel matter I wot,
 He struts with his Rapier and poinyard;
 He hath an ill face, but he's lay'd on with lace,
 I fear me he hath marri'd his whinyard.]

There came a Frenchman that finely could Dance,
 He's proper in every Joynt,
 It seems once he had scaped the P:
 So well he can cut the cross-point.

I lov'd the proud Scot, his Sute was too hot,
 I took him to be but a bragger;
 VVith that the Frenchman he missed his wench,
 And Toby had lost his Dagger.

A Sennora-Spaniora is newly come over
 And thinks that there's no man his fellow,
 He hath gotten a strain is hot in the vain,
 VVith dancing in a Bardella.

A Dutchman there came, that tossed the Can
 Till his head was as light as a feather;
 The Spaniard his Punck, and the Dutchman was Drunk,
 And so they were both together.

An Italian came post, that finely could boast
 Amongst the rest of his fellows;
 If I were his VVife, I should have an ill life
 The Fool he is so Jelous.

There came one from *Rome*, would needs be my groom ;
He tasted three days in a week ;
If he chanced to come where he saw a fair Nun
Oh ! his stomach was wonderous quick.

A Galant brave *Dane* came marching again
As proud as any of the rest ;
He could not prevail, but he hoy'd up his sail ;
His Nose could abide no jest's.

From *Ireland* we had a lively young Lad
Of Bony and Birth most mighty ;
I am not sure, but I think he was poor ,
He smelt so of *Aquavitæ*.

A Shentle-man of *wales*, was tell her fine tales
Her house was brave on a Hill ;
Had Pig, and had Goat, Green-leek in her pot
Wafe eat Cause-bubby her fill.

If her will have, her will keep her full brave ,
Her will py her a Band and a Hat ,
Fine Garters, Silk Hose fine Sharf and brave close ;
Sweet-heart, how like her tat ?

An *Englishman* came, but I know not his name ,
That finely could quaff and could quarrel
He'l drink till he dye some say, but not I ,
And sell all his land for apparel.

He swears by his life, if i'le be his wife
Er'e long he will make me a Lady ;
He'l sell his old Mannors to buy him new Honors ,
And that's but the trick of a Babey.

Your counsel I crave which of these I should have ,
If there be any one here for to fit me ;
The best I do take, the rest I forsake
If *Cupid* do chance for to hit me.

A Ballad



A Ballad
Or The *Welshmans* Praise of Wales.

I's not come here to tauke of *Prut* ,
 From whence the *Welse* des take hur root ;
 Nor tell long Pedegree of Prince *Camber* ,
 Whose linage would fill full a Chamber ;
 Nor sing the deeds of our Saint *Davie* ,
 The Urship of which would fill a Navie :
 But hark you me now for a liddel tales
 Shall make a great deal to the credit of *wales* ,
 For still he will twitch your ears ,
 With the praise of hur thirteen Seers ;
 And make hur as tlad and merry
 As fourteen pot of Perry,

'Tis true, was wear him Sherkin freize ,
 But what is that ? we have store of seize ,
 And Got is plenty of Goats milk
 That sell him well will boy him silk
 Enough, to make him find to quarrel
 At *Herford* Sizes in new apparel ;
 And get him as much green Melmet perhap ,
 Shall give it a face to his Monmouth Cap.

But then the ore of *Lenster* ;
 Py Cot is uver a Sempster ;
 That when he is spun, or did
 Yet match him with hir thrid.
 For still he will twitch , &c.

Aull this the backs, now let us tell ye
 Of some provision for the belly :
 As Kid and Goat, and greats Goats Mothor ,
 And Rant, and Cow, and good Cows uther ,
 And once but tast on the *Welse* Mutton ;
 Your *Englis* Seeps not worth a button.

And

And then for your Fisse, shall shoofe it your disse ,
 Look but about, and there is a Trout ,
 A Salmon, Cot, or Chevin ,
 Will feed you six or seven ,
 As taul man as ever swagger
 With *Welse* Club, and long dagger.
For still hur will twitch , &c.

But aull this while, was never think
 A word in praise of her *Welse* drink :
 Yet for aull that , is a Cup of *Braggat* ,
 Aull *England* Seer may cast his Cap at.
 And what her say to Ale of *Webley*,
 Toudge him as well, you'll praise him trebly ,
 As well as *Methaglin*, or *Sider*, or *Meath* ,
 S'all sake her dagger quite out o'the seath.
 And Oat-Cake of *Guarthenion*,
 With a goodly Leek or Onion ,
 To give as sweet a rellis
 As e're did Harper *Ellis*.
For still her will twitch , &c.

And yet is nothing now all this ,
 If of our Musicks we do miss ;
 Both Harps, and Pipes too, and the Crowd ,
 Must aull come in, and tauk aloud ,
 As lowd as *Bangu*, *Davies* Bell ,
 Of which is no doubt you have hear tell :
 As well as our lowder *Wrexham* Organ,
 And rumbling Rock in the Seer of *Glamorgan*,
 VWhere look but in the ground there ,
 And you sall see a sound there ;
 That put her all to gedder ,
 Is sweet as measure pedder.
*For still her will twitch your ear
 With the praise of her thirteen Shire ,
 And make her so glad and merry ,
 As fourteen pot of Perry.*



A Ballad
called Cooklorrel.

By Mr. Ben. Johnson.

COOK-Lorrel, would needs have the Devil his Guest,
And had him once into the *Peake* to dinner;
Where never the Feind had such a Feast
Provided him yet at the charge of a sinner.

His stomach was queasie (for coming there Coacht)
The jogging had caused some Crudities rise,
To help it he call'd for a Puritan poacht
That used to turn up the Eggs of his Eyes.

And so recovered unto his Wish,
He sat him down, and he fell to eat;
Promooter in plum-broath was the first dish;
His own privy Kitching had no such meat.

Yet though with this he much were taken,
Upon a sudden he shifted his trencher;
As soon as he spide the bawd, and bacon,
By this you may note the Devil's a wencher.

Six pickled Taylors sliced and cut,
Sempsters, Tire-women, fit for his pallet,
With fether-men, and perfumers put,
Some twelve in a Charger to make a grand sallet.

A rich fat Usurer stew'd in his Marrow,
And by him a Lawyers head and Green-sawce;
Both which his belly took in like a barrow,
As if till then had never seen sawce.

Then

Then carbonado'd, and cookt with pains,
Was brought up a cloven S^rjeants Face;
The sawce was made of the Y^eomans brains,
That had been beaten out wth his owne Mace.

Two rosted Sheriffes came whole to the board,
(The Feast had nothing been without um,
Both living and dead they were Fox't and Fur'd;
Their chains like Saw^lages hung about um.

The very next dish was the Major of a Town,
With a pudding of maintenance thru in his belly
Like a Goose in the Feathers dress'd in his Gown,
And his couple of Hinch-boyes boyld to a jelly.

A London Cuckold hot from the spit,
And when the carver up had broke him;
The Devil chopt up his head at a bit,
But the horns were very near like to have choakt him.

The chine of a Lecher too there was rosted,
With a plump Harlots haunch and Garlike;
A pandors pettitoes that had boasted
Himself for a Captain, yet never was warlike.

A large fat Pasty of a Mid-wife hot,
And for cold bak'd meat into the story,
A reverend painted Lady was brought,
And coffin'd in crust, till now she was hoary.

To these, an over grown Justice of the Peace
With a Clerk like a gizard thrust under each arm,
And warrants for sippets, laid in his own grease,
Set over a chafing-dish to be kept warm.

The Jowl of a Jaylor, served for Fish,
A Constable sons'd with Vinegar by,
Two Aldermen-Lobsters asleep in a dish,
A Deputy tart, a Church-warden pye.

All which devoured, he then for a close,
Did for a full draught of *Darby* call,
He heav'd the huge Vessel up to his Nose,
And left not till he had drunk up all.

Then from the Table he gave a start ,
Where banquet and wine were nothing scarce ;
All which he started away with a Fart ,
From whence it was called the Devils Arse.

And there he made such a breath with the wind ;
The hole too standing open the while ,
That the sent of the Vapour before and behind
Hath foully perfumed most part of the Isle.

And this was Tobacco the Learned suppose ,
Which since in Country, Court and Town ,
In the Devils Glister-pipe smoaks at the Nose
Of Polcat and Mada m, of Galant and Clown.

From which wicked weed, with Swines flesh and Ling ;
Or any thing else that's feast for the Feind ;
Our Captain and we cry God save the King ,
And send him good Meat, and Mirth without end.



*The Song,
Of Tom a Bedlam.
To the Tune of Grays-Inn Mask.*

FOrth from my sad and darksome Cell,
From the deep abiss of Hell,
Mad-Tom is come to view the world again,
To see if he can ease his distemper'd brain:
Fear and Dispair possess my Soul;
Hark how the angry Furies howl!
Pluto laughs, and Proserpine is glad
To see poor naked Tom of Bedlam mad.

Through the World I wander Night and Day
To find my troubled Senses;
At last Time I found Time
With his Pentatuch of Tenses.

When he me spies, away he flies,
For Time will stay for no man;
In vain with cries I rend the Skies,
For pity is not common.

Old and comfortless I lye,
Oh help, oh help or else I dye!
Hark I hear Apollo's Team,
The Carman 'gins to whistle;
Hast Diana bends her bow,
And the Bore begins to bristle.

Some Vulcan with tools and with tackles,
And knock off my troublesome Shackles;
And Charles make ready his Wain
To fetch my five Senses again.

Last night I heard the Dog-Star bark
Mars met *Venus* in the dark ;
 Lympling *Vulcan* heat an Iron bar ,
 And furiously run at the god of War.

Mars with his weapon layd about ,
 Lympling *Vulcan* had the gout ,
 For his broad Horns that hung so in his light
 That he could not see to aym aright.

Mercury the nimble post Post of heaven
 Stay'd to see the Quarrel ,
 Gorrel belly *Bacchus* giantly bestrid
 A Strong-beer barrel :

To me he drunk , I did him thank ,
 But I could drink no Sider ;
 He drank whole Buts till he burst his guts ,
 But mine was ne're the wider.

Poor *Tom* is very dry ,
 A little drink for Charitie :
 Hark ! I hear *Atleon's* hounds ,
 The Hnnts-man hoops and Hallows ;
 Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman ,
 All the Chace doth follow.

The man in the Moon drinks Clarret ,
 Eats powder'd Beef, Turnep and Carret:
 But a Cup old *Malligo* Sack
 Will fire the Bush at his back.



A L E T A N Y.

1.

From going to Bath with little money in my purse ;
From staying there after all's spent, which is wor^e,
And from a drawers visit when I am ready to horse.
Good Mercury defend me.

2.

From an old German Quack yelipp'd Doctor Barie,
Whose skill is not half so much as his knavery,
And ten to one will rather kill'ee then save'ee,
Good Mercury, &c.

3.

From his Purges and Vomits, his Powders and Jellie,
Which more for's own good then yours he does sell'ee,
And from meddling with the Tapsters wife with a great belly.
Good Mercury, &c.

4.

From Ladies that take Physick before they be sick ;
That they may with better mettal answer the (.)
Who copulates thrice a night, yet call't a lewd trick,
Good Mercury, &c.

5.

From such as in Bath use to sing a Hymn,
From a Barber that on Sunday mornings refuses to trim,
From living a Traitor, and dying like Pym,
Good Mercury, &c.

6.

From a Preacher that's as fat as the Bull Basan,
And bellows out such Doctrines as would amaze one,
From his Font of Pewter, and his face that's brazen,
Good Mercury, &c.

7.

From his thanks to God for saving in Child-bed pain
A woman that's from a Church a mile off or twain,
And perhap preparing for the same Byssness again,
Good Mercury, &c.

8.

From a Colonel that vapours as if he were *Mars* ,
 Yet will take a blow on the face and a kick on the arse ,
 And so suffers more in Peace then he did in the Wars ,
Good Mercury , &c.

9.

From a Captain that keeps a horrible stir ,
 And when he's call'd Rascal, cries, Your servant Sir ,
 That will challenge a Mastiff , and not fight with a Cur ,
Good Mercury , &c.

10.

From an Hostess that reckons the same thing again ,
 And brings in the same *Items* to several men ;
 And from such that call to pay before it be ten ,
Good Mercury , &c.

11.

From a rainy day when I have never a Cloak ,
 From foul wayes when I ride in boots that do soak ,
 And from a Town without drink when I am ready to choak ,
Good Mercury , &c.

12.

From a Stone-horse that's right and sound limb and wind ,
 Yet tires and leaves a fair Lady behind ;
 And from an Inn where I'm forc't to take such as I find ,
Good Mercury , &c.

13.

From uncivil Creditors that threaten to sue me ;
 From gaping after Wealth which will never come to me ;
 And from being a Poet, for that will undo me ,
Good Mercury defend me.



A Ballad

*Upon the downfal of one part of the
Mitre-Tavern in Cambridge, or the
sinking thereof into the Cellar.*

By Mr. Tho. Randolph.

Lament, Lament, you Scholars all,
Each wear his blackest gown;
The *Mitre* that held up your wits
Is now it self faln down:

The dismal Fire on *London-Bridge*
Could move no heart of mine,
For that but o're the water stood,
But this stood o're the Wine.

It needs must melt each Christian heart
That this sad news but hears,
To see how the poor Hogheads wept
Good Sack and Claret Tears.

The Zealous students of that place
Change of Religion fear,
Lest this mischance may chance bring in
The herresie of Beer.

Unhappy *Mitre* I would know
The cause of thy sad hap;
Came it by making Legs to low
To *Pembroke's* Cardinal's Cap?

Hence know thy self and cringe no more,
 Since Popery went down,
 That Cap should vail to thee, for now
 The *Mitre's* next the *Crown*.

Or was't because our company
 Did not frequent thy Cell,
 As we were wont to drown those cares,
 Thou fox'd thy self, and fell?
 No sure the Devil was adry
 And caus'd that fatal blow,
 'Twas he that made the Cellar sink,
 That he might drink below.

And some do say the Devil did it,
 'Cause he would drink up all;
 But I rather think the Pope was drunk
 And let the *Mitre* fall.

But *Rose* now wither, *Falcon* mew,
 Whilst *Sam* enjoys his wishes;
 The *Dolphin* too must cast her *Crown*,
 VVine was not made for Fishes.

That signe a Tavern best becomes,
 That shews who loves wine best;
 The *Mitre's* then the onely signe,
 For 'tis the Scholars crest.

Then drink Sack *Sam* and cheer thy Heart,
 Be not dismay'd at all;
 For we will drink it up again,
 Though our selves do catch a fall.

VVe'l be thy workmen day and night
 In spite of Bugbear Proctors,
 We drank like Freshmen all before,
 But now we'l drink like Doctors.



Upon the Virtue of SACK.

By *Dr. Hen. Edwards.*

Fetch me *Ben. Johnsons* scull, and fill't with Sack
 Rich as the same he drank- when the whole pack
 Of jolly sisters pledg'd, and did agree
 It was no sin to be as drunk as he :
 If there be any weakness in the wine,
 There's virtue in a Cup to mak't divine ;
 This muddy drench of Ale does tast too much
 Of earth, the Mault retains a scurvy touch
 Of the dull hand that sows it ; and I fear
 There's heresie in Hops ; give *Calvin* Beer ,
 And his precise Disciples, such as think
 There's Powder treason in all *Spanish* drink ;
 Call Sack an Idoll , nor will kiss the Cup ,
 For fear their Conventickle be blown up
 VVith superstition : give to these Brew-house alms ,
 VVhose best mirth is Six shillings Beer , and Psalms :
 Let me rejoyce in sprightly Sack, that can
 Create a brain even in an empty pass.
canary ! it's thou that dost inspire
 And actuate the soul with heavenly fire ;
 That thou sublim'st the Genius making wit ,
 Scorn earth, and such as love, or live by it ;
 Thou mak'st us Lords of Regions large and fair ,
 VVhil'st our conceits build Castles in the air :
 Since fire, earth, air, thus thy inferiours be ,
 Henceforth I'll know no Element but thee :
 Thou precious *Elixir* of all Grapes !
 VVelcome by thee our Muse begins her scapes ,
 Such is the worth of Sack : I am (me thinks)
 In the *Exchequer* now, hark now it chinks :

And

And do esteem my venerable self
 As brave a fellow, as if all the self
 Where sure mine own ; and I have thought a way
 Already how to spend it ; I would pay
 No debts, but fairly empty every trunk ,
 And charge the Gold for Sack to keep me drunk ;
 And so by consequence till rich *Spain's* Wine
 Being in my crown, the *Indies* too were mine :
 And when my brains are once afoot (heaven blefs us !)
 I think my self a better man then *Craesus*.
 And now I do conceit my self a Judge ,
 And coughing laugh to see my Clients trudge
 After my Lordships Coach unto the Mall
 For Justice, and am full of Law withal ,
 And do become the Bench as well as he
 That fled long since for want of honestie :
 But I'll be Judge no longer though in jest ,
 For fear I should be talk'd with like the rest
 When I am sober ; who can chuse but think
 Me wise, that am so wary in my drink !
 Oh admirable Sack ! here's dainty sport ,
 I am come back from *Westminster* to Court ;
 And am grown young again ; my Ptfick now
 Hath left me, and my Judges graver brow
 Is smooth'd , and I turn'd amorous as *May* ,
 When she invites young lovers forth to play
 Upon her flowry bosome : I could win
 A Vestal now, or tempt a Queen to sin.
 Oh for a score of Queens ! you'd laugh to see
 How they would strive which first should ravish me ,
 Three Goddesses where nothing : Sack has tipt
 My tongue with charms like those which *Paris* spt
 From *Venus* , when she taught him how to kiss
 Fair *Helan*, and invite a fairer bliss :
 Mine is *Canary-Rhetorick*, that alone
 Would turn *Diana* to a burning stone :
 Stone with amazement, burning with loves fire ,
 Hard, to the touch, but short in her desire.

Inestimable Sack ! thou mak'st us rich ,
Wife, amorous, any thing ; I have an itch
To fother cups, and that perchance will make
Me valiant too, and quartell for thy sake
If I be once inflam'd against thy Nose
That could preach down thy worth in small-beer Prose ;
I should do miracles as bad, or worse ,
As he that gave the King an hundred Horse :
To other odd Cup, and I shall be prepar'd
To snatch at Stars, and pluck down a reward
With mine one hands from Jove upon their backs
That are , or *Charls* his enemies, or Sacks :
Let it be full, if I do chance to spill
Ov'r my Standish by the way I will
Dipping in this diviner Ink, my pen ,
Write my self sober, and fall to t'agen,



O N A

*Combat of Cocks, the Norfolk,
and the Wisbifh.*

By Mr. Tho. Randolph.

GO you tame Gallants, you that have the name,
And would accounted be Cocks of the Game,
That have brave spurs to shew for't and can crow,
And count all dung-hill breed that cannot shew
Such painted Plumes as yours; that think't no vice,
With Cock-like lust to tread your Cockatrice:
Though Peacocks, Wood-cocks, Weather-cocks you be,
If y^e are no fighting-cocks, y^e are not for me:
I of two feather'd Combatants will write;
He that to th' life means to express the fight,
Must make his ink o' th' blood which they did spill,
And from their dying wings borrow his quill.

NO sooner were the doubtful people set,
The matches made, and all that would had bet,
But straight the skilful Judges of the Play,
Bring forth their sharp hee'd VVarriours, and they
VWere both in linnen bags, as if'twere meet,
Before they dy'd to have their winding-sheet.
VWith that in th' pit they are put, and when they were
Both on their feet, the Norfolk Chanticleere
Looks stoutly at his ne're-before seen foe,
And like a challenger begins to crow,
And shakes his wings, as if he would display
His Warlike colours, which were black and gray:
Mean time the wary Wisbifh walks and breaths
His active body, and in sury wreaths

His comely crest, and often looking down ;
 He whets his angry beak upon the ground :
 With that they meet, not like that coward breed
 Of *Asop*, that can better fight than feed :
 They scorn the dung-hill, 'tis their only prize ,
 To dig for Pearl within each others eyes :
 They fight so long, that it was hard to know
 To th' skilful, whether they did fight or no ,
 Had not the blood which died the fatal floore
 Born witness of it ; yet they fight the more ,
 As if each wound were but a spur to prick
 Their fury forward ; lightning's not more quick
 Nor red then were their eyes : 'twas hard to know
 Whether it was blood or anger made them so :
 And sure they had been out, had they not stood
 More safe by being fenced in by blood.
 Yet still they fight, but now (alas!) at length ,
 Although their courage be full tryed, their strength
 And blood began to ebbe ; you that have seen
 A water-combate on the Sea, between
 Two roaring angry boyling billows, how
 They march, and meet, and dash their curled browes ,
 Swelling like graves, as if they did intend
 To intomb each other, ere the quarrel end :
 But when the wind is down, and blustering weather ,
 They are made friends, and sweetly run together ,
 May think these Champions such ; their combs grow low ,
 And they that leapt even now, now scarce can go :
 Their wings which lately at each blow they clapt
 (As if they did applaud themselves) now flap ;
 And having lost the advantage of the heel ,
 Drunk with each others blood they only reel.
 From either eyes such drops of blood did fall,
 As if they wept them for their Funeral.
 And yet they would fain fight, they came so near ,
 As if they meant into each others ear
 To whisper death ; and when they cannot rise ,
 They lie and look blowes in each others eyes.

But

But now the Tragick part after the fight,
 When *Norfolk* Cock had got the best of it,
 And *Wishich* lay a dying, so that none,
 Though sober, but might venture seven to one,
 Contracting (like a dying Taper) all
 His force, as meaning with that blow to fall;
 He struggles up, and having taken wind,
 Ventures a blow, and strikes the other blind.
 And now poor *Norfolk* having lost his eyes,
 Fights onely guided by the Antipathies:
 With him (alas!) the Proverb holds not true,
 The blows his eyes ne're see, his heart most rue.
 At length by chance, he stumbling on his foe,
 Not having any power to strike a blow,
 He falls upon him with a wounded head,
 And makes his conquered wings his Feather-bed:
 Where lying sick, his friends were very charic
 Of him, and fetcht in haste an Apothecary;
 But all in vain, his body did so blister,
 That't was uncapable of any glister;
 Wherefore at length, opening his fainting bill,
 He call'd a Scrivener, and thus made his Will.

Inprimis, Let it never be forgot,
 My body freely I bequeath to th' pot,
 Decently to be boyl'd, and for its tomb
 Let it be buried in some hungry womb.
 Item, Executors I will have none,
 But he that on my side lead seven to one:
 And like a Gentleman that he may live,
 To him and to his heirs my tomb I give
 Together with my brains; that all may know,
 That oftentimes his brains did use to crow.
 Item, It is my will to the weaker ones,
 Whose Wives complain of them I give my stones;
 To him that's dull, I do my spurs impart;
 And to the Coward, I bequeath my heart:
 To Ladies that are light, it is my will,
 My feathers should be given; and for my bill,
 I'de give't a Taylor, but it is so short,
 That I'm afraid hee'l rather curse me for't:

And for the Apothecaries see, who meant
 Give me a Glister, let my Rump be sent.
 Lastly, because I feel my life decay,
 I yield, and give to VVisbich Cock the day.

On a Fart in the Parliament-House.

By Sir John Sucklin.

Down came Grave Antient Sir John Crooke
 And read his message in a book,
 Very well quoth *Will. Norris*, it is so,
 But Mr. Pym's Tayl cry'd no.
 He, quoth Alderman *Athins*, I like not this passage
 To have a Fart intervolutary in the midst of a message;
 Then up starts one fuller of Devotion
 Then Eloquence, and said, a very ill Motion:
 Not so neither quoth Sir Henry *Fenking*,
 The motion was good but for the Stinking;
 Quoth Sir Henry Poole 'twas an audacious trick
 To Fart in the Face of the Body Politick;
 Sir *Ferome* in Folio swore by the Mass
 This Fart was enough to have blown a Glas:
 Quoth then Sir *Ferome* the lesser, such an abuse
 Was never offer'd in Poland nor Pruce.
 Quoth Sir Richard *Houghton*, a Justice i'th *Quorum*;
 Would tak't in snuff to have a Fart let before him:
 If it would bear an Action quoth Sir *Thomas Holacrast*,
 Would make of this Fart a Bolt or a Shaft;
 Then quoth Sir *John Moor* to his great commendation
 Will speak to this House in my wonted Fashion,
 Now surely sayes he, For as much as how be it
 This Fart to the Serjeant we must commit.

No quoth the Serjeant, low bending his knees
 Farts oft will break Prisons but never pay Fees ;
 Besides this motion with small reason stands
 To charge me with that I can't keep in my hands :
 Quoth Sir *Walter Cope*, 'twas so readily let,
 I would it were sweet enough for my Cabinet.
 Why then Sir *Walter* (quoth Sir *William Fleetwood*)
 Speak no more of it but bury it with sweetwood.
 Grave Senate, quoth *Dunstable*, upon my salvation
 This Fart stands in need of some great Reformation .
 Quoth Mr. *Cartwright*, upon my conscience ,
 It would be reformed with a little Frankensence .
 Quoth Sir *Roger Aslton* It would much mend the matter
 If this Fart were shaven, and washt with Rose-water.
Per verbum Principis, how dare I tell it ,
 A Fart by here-say, and not see it nor smell it .
 I am glad quoth *Sam. Lewknor* we have found a thing ,
 That no tale-bearer can carry it the King.
 Such a Fart as this was never seen
 Quoth the learned Councel of the Queen.
 Yet quoth Sir *Hugh Belton* the like hath been
 Let in a Dance before the Queen.
 Then said Mr. *Peake* I have a president in store ,
 His Father Farted last Sessions before .
 A Bill must be drawn then quoth Sir *John Bennet* ,
 Or a selected committee quickly to pen it.
 Why, quoth Dr. *Crompton* no man can draw
 This Fart within the compass of the Civil-Law.
 Quoth Mr. *Jones* by the Law 't may be done ,
 Being a Fart Intay'd from Father to Son ;
 In truth, quoth Mr. *Brooke* , this speech was no lye ,
 This Fart was one of your *Post Nati* :
 Quoth Sir *William Paddy* he dare assure 'am
 Though 'twere *Contra modestum* , 'tis not *præter naturam* .
 Besides by the Aphorismes of my art
 Had he not been deliver'd had been sick of a Fart.
 Then quoth the Recorder, the mouth of the City ,
 To have smother'd that Fart had been great pity.
 It is much certain, quoth Sir *Humphry Bentwistle* ,
 That a round Fart is better then a stinking Fiezele .

Have patience, Gentlemen, quoth Sir *Francis Bacon*;
There's none of us all but may be mistaken:
Why right, quoth the great Attorney, I confesse
The Echo of ones A — is remediless.



The Amorous Welshman to his Mistress.

A Modest Shentle when hir see
The treat laugh her make on me,
And fine wink that her send
To hir, to come see hir frend;
Hir could not chuse pi got approve;
Put 'twas entangle in her Love.

A Hundred tymes hir was a pout
To speak to her to panish dout,
Put hir being a *welshman* porn,
Was fer her think her wod hir scorn;
And therefore was think nothing pettet
Then put her love into a letter.

Hoping her will no ceptions take
Unto hir love for Country sake;
For say he be *welshman*, what ran;
Pi got they be all Shentlemen:
Was defended from *shoves* nown lyne;
Part Humain, and part Divine.

And from far *Fenus* that far gottels,
And twenty other shentle poddies:
Hector stout, and comely *Paris*,
Arthur *Plutus* King of *Faries*
Was hir own Cosen aull a Kin,
Aul of the *Powel's* issue spring.

Was love compel him write this Ryme
That never was wrytt before this time,
And if her will not pittie his pain
Got fudge his soul was never write again;
Put if her vouchsafe to pleasure me,
And for to come into her company

To drink a quart, or two of wine,
Pi got her will say her fortunes fine;
And tell her something in her care
Which her would not have aul to hear:
And pi the Saul of sweet St. Taffie
Or in kindness her would crave ye

For to wryte too word or three
Vhen and where our meet shall be,
For love is like an Acue fit,
Vas trive poor *Welshman* out of hir wit;
Till py her answer her do know
Vwhether her do love her yea or noe.

Hir have not pin in *England* long
And hir cannot speak the *English* Tongue,
Put hir is her friend, and so hir will prove,
I pray send hir word if her can love.

These Verses I send
Being rudly pend.

By Griffin ap Shones ap Morgan
ap Owen ap Ryce ap Powell.

On the Choice of a W I F E.

Have past my maddest Age
Free from Cupid's foolish Rage,
Free from sighings, free from tears;
Free from hopes, and free from fears:
And yet I'll wed, if I can see
A Mistress that is meet for me.

First, I wo'd have her person such
As deformity cannot touch;
Not the black, or brown, or fair
Of complexion, hue, or hair;
If my Mistress comely be,
She'll prove fair enough for me.

Partly carriage in these dayes
But a suspicious praise;
For my part I care not for't,
For nature is not made at Court:
Let a grave and vertuous Mother
Be my Wifes Court, and no other.

Health I wish she may have more
Than to keep her from being poor,
That she need not love for need,
For I wealth her love to feed:
If in mind or means she be
Rich, she's rich enough for me.

ON Be born of noble blood,
To her that's good a good:
For to me it is no more
Than time past, or untry'd Ore:
Be she good, how ere she be
Born, she's nobly born to me.

True Religion will make
 Any good for her own sake ;
 But, let vertue be the Teacher
 Of my Wife, before the Preacher ;
 She's good that wo'd use me well ,
 Were there neither Heaven or Hell.

Who for beauty takes a VVife ,
 Chooseth by the sheath the Knife ;
 And, who takes her for Estate ,
 Or for person, hath ill fate :
 These may perish, or decay
 On, or ere her VVedding day.

VVealth is *Fortunes* and not mine ,
 Person owes decay to time :
Learning, Wit, and such like parts
 Ravish mens, not womens hearts ;
 But a love, by true love bred ,
 Gives each night a maiden-head.

Wit and *Eloquence* of tongue ,
 Sho'd to me, not her, belong :
 Sober silence in a maid
 Sayes enough when nothing's said ;
 And a wife when she speaks least ,
 And that little well, speaks best.

VVhen I court her first she shall
 Neither credit nought nor all ,
 But, when time my truth has prov'd ,
 And she finds she is belov'd
 Let her then believe, and then
 First begin to love agen.

Let her next be wise, and know
 Love shall reap as Love shall sow.
 Trying masteries in a wife ,
 Is the scab or bane of life :
 And hath too oft had the fate ,
 To destroy a good Estate.

Children sho'd not be loves end ,
 But loves mend : if God them send ,
 She sho'd love them for no other
 Cause, but for my VVife's their Mother :
 If God send none I should be
 Child to her, and she to me.

For man is the ball of fate ,
 Tost about from state to state ;
 Therefore God for one chief part
 Give mine *Fortitude* of heart ,
 That so she may valiant prove ,
 And bear any loss but love.

Next I wish that my heart may
 Find her's made of VVax, not Clay :
 That my love may make her's be
 More fast, not more hard to me ;
 She's loves hangman, and his hell
 In whom a proud heart does dwell.

When the Priest has made us one ,
 Flesh of flesh and bone of bone ;
 We must wed our wills together ,
 And will one in both or neither :
 By her tongue my heart must speak ,
 Hers by mine must silence break.

Where two hearts be thus indented
 They live, for they live contented ;
 Where they differ, there they die ,
 And their Marriage-knot untie :
 They and none but they are wed ,
 Whose hearts lodge both in one Bed.

He that knows to spend or spare ,
 At times and occasions are ,
 Brings a portion, bringing none ,
 It, much better bringing one ;
 One may well call such a wife ,
 The life of her husbands life.

She her Husbands state and kic
Shakes her glasse to dress her by :
She a neat and wholesom Diet
Makes the utmost of her Riot ;
She, like a good snail, doth dwell
Most at home in her own shell.

Such a Wife as this would make
Monks their Cloysters to forsake,
Such a Wife would almost vex
Angels, that they want a sex ;
Such a Wife I wish to nurse
Both my body and my purse.

Thus i'th' Mine I'de choose my Gold,
And my Wife cast in a Mould ;
Yet a Womans son may vary,
But I meane, if e're I marry,
Either to have such an one,
Or a better, which is none.



A Ballad

On the Decay of good HOSPITALITY.

Gallants, wil't please you to hear a plain Ditty,
That's non-sense, and yet sense; not foolish nor witty;
Itax no Commanders nor Magistrates Life,
Nor speak of the Marriage of Maid, Widow or Wife;
But I'll sing you a plain quoined song, a plain quoined song.

Good Hospitality now fare thee well,
For, where go thy Pounders to Heaven or Hell?
A Question unanswered: The Papists approve it,
The Puritan hates it, there's few that love it:
The reason it was the old Fashion, the old Fashion.

The Divine is incensed, and straight he will tell ye,
The Scripture forbids him to make a god of his belly;
And yet to speak truly they are tall men at Trenchers,
Scarce a fine bit can scape them, some say they are Wenchers:
It strengthens them in their Devotion, in their Devotion.

The Country Justice hath the Law on his side
For to cite Statutes, therewith to provide
That Beggars be punisht; and that's his protection,
They dare not come near him for fear of correction:
So he saves his Bread and his Beer, and his Beer.

The Clerk of the Kitchen is grown out of season,
And indeed for that Office I know not the reason,
For three Cooks are busied about one dish of Meat,
Whilst twenty stands gaping the same for to eat.
Oh this is a hungry Age! a hungry Age!

She her Husbands state and kic
Shakes her glasse to dress her by :
She a neat and wholesom Diet
Makes the utmost of her Riot ;
 She, like a good snail, doth dwell
 Most at home in her owne shell.

Such a Wife as this would make
Monks their Cloysters to forsake,
Such a Wife would almost vex
Angels, that they want a sex ;
 Such a Wife I wish to nurse
 Both my hody and my purse.

Thus i'th' Mine I'de choose my Gold,
And my Wife cast in a Mould ;
Yet a Wonans son may vary,
But I mean, if e're I marry,
 Either to have such an one,
 Or a better, which is none.



A Ballad

On the Decay of good HOSPITALITY.

Gallants, wil't please you to hear a plain Ditty,
That's non-sense, and yet sense; not foolish nor witty;
Itax no Commanders nor Magistrates Life,
Nor speak of the Marriage of Maid, Widow or Wife;
But I'll sing you a plain quoined song, a plain quoined song.

Good Hospitality now fare thee well,
For, where go thy Pounders to Heaven or Hell?
A Question unanswered: The Papists approve it,
The Puritan hates it; there's few that love it:
The reason it was the old Fashion, the old Fashion.

The Divine is incensed, and straight he will tell ye,
The Scripture forbids him to make a god of his belly;
And yet to speak truly they are tall men at Trenchers,
Scarce a fine bit can scape them, some say they are Wenchers:
It strengthens them in their Devotion, in their Devotion.

The Country Justice hath the Law on his side
For to cite Statutes, therewith to provide
That Beggars be punisht; and that's his protection,
They dare not come near him for fear of correction:
So he saves his Bread and his Beer, and his Beer.

The Clerk of the Kitchen is grown out of season,
And indeed for that Office I know not the reason,
For three Cooks are busied about one dish of Meat,
Whilst twenty stands gaping the same for to eat.
Oh this is a hungry Age! a hungry Age!

The Porter indeed is in best estimation ,
 To keep the Gates fast is a Noble-mans Fashion ;
 A man may as soon enter into *Lustria Ferarum* ,
 Especially if the master be *Emptor terrarum* :

Oh this is a fearful time, a fearful time.

Now where are those feasting and good *Christmas* keeping ,
 Alas! they that us'd it are in their Graves sleeping ;
 Your Baskets with New-years-gifts make you good chear ,
 But all the year after you shall not drink there :

'Tis a Fashion they learnt in the City, learnt in the City.

Now Noble-mens houses are nests for Jack-Daws ,
 And Gentle-mens houses are guarded by Laws ;
 And Tennants are Rack't by there Land-lords so hie ,
 That the poor, some Hang, some Starve and some dye :
 And all for want of good Hous.-keeping, House-keeping.



Captain Squiers Lettany,

From Mahomet and Paganisme ,
 From Heriticks, from Sects and Schisme ;
 From Highway Raschals and Cut-purses ,
 From Carted Bawds and old dry Nurses ,
 From Glister-pipes and Doctors whistles ,
 From begging Scholars stale Epistles ,
 From Turn-stile boats and Long-lane Beavers ,
 From Agues and from drunken Feavers ,

Libera nos , &c.

From all several kinds of Itches ,
 From Pick-locks and Cloak-bag Bréeches ,
 From Carbonado Sutes ot Serges ,
 From a Barstard that's the Clerges ,
 From thread points and Caps of Cruel ,
 And from the danger of a Duel ,
 From a Tally full of Notches ,
 And two privy Seals of borches ,

Libera nos , &c.

From a Whore that's never pleasant
 But in lusty Wine and Pheasant ,
 From the watch at twelve a Clock ,
 And from *Bess Broughtons* button'd Smock ,
 From Hackney-Coaches, and from Panders
 That do boast themselves Commanders ,
 From a tedious Taylors bill
 And a Pilgrimage up *Holbourn Hill* ,
Libera nos , &c.

From Damages and Restitutions ,
 From accursed Executions ,
 From all new found wayes of Sinning ,
 From the Scurf and Sable linnin ,
 From the Pox and the Physician
 From the *Spanish* Inquisition ,
 From a wife that's wan and meager ,
 And from Lice and winter Leager ,
Libera nos , &c.

From a gryping slavish Cullion ,
 From the Gout and the Strangullion ,
 From a Mount'bank with's Potions ,
 From his Serreniges and Lotions ,
 From the Buttock of *Priscilla* ,
 That diets with *Sarsaparilla* ,
 From a Pastor too too Zealous ,
 And from the Tub of old *Cornelius* .
Libera nos , &c.

From Bawdy Courts and Civil Doctors ,
 From Drunken Som'ners and their Proctors ,
 From occasion to Revel
 VVith a Lawyer at the Divel ,
 From Serjeants, Yeomen, and their Maces ,
 From false Friends with double faces ,
 From an Enemy more Mightie
 Than *Usquebah* or *Aquavitz* .
Libera nos , &c.



A York-shire TRIALOGUE

I N

York-shire Dialect,

Between an *Awde Wife*, a *Lasse*, and a *Butcher*.

Awde wife. **P**Retha now Lase, gang into th' hurn
 An fetch ma heame a Skeel o burn ;
 Na, pretha Barne mack heast and gang,
 Ise marr me deaugh thou staves sa lang.

Lass. VVyah gom Ise gea, bad for me paines
 Yeu's ge m' a frundell o yar graines.

Awd W. My grains me Barne, marry not I ;
 Me draugh's for th' Gilts and Gauts ith' Sty :
 Than preetha Luke ith' Garth an see
 VVhat Owsen at the Stand-hecks be.

Lass. Blukrins, the'l put, I dare not gang
 Outcep y' al len ma th' great Leap-slang.

Awd. Take th' Fruggan, or th' awde Maelyn shaft,
 Cum tyte agaen and be nat dast.

Lass. Gom th' great Bull segg he's brocken lowse,
 And he he's hupt your brade-horn'd Owse :
 And th' Owse is faln into the Swine trough,
 I thinke hee's brocken his Camerill-hough.

Awd.

Awd. VVhaw whaw mi Laff, mack haest to th' Smedy,
 Hee's nuded, for he rowts already;
 Hee's bownd; O, how it boakes an stangs!
 His Lisk e'en bumps and bobbs wi' pangs;
 His VVeazen-pipe's as dry as dust,
 His Dew-lapp's sweild, he cannot host;
 He beales, tack th' Barwhants of oth' heames
 An fetch sum Breckons fra the dames,
 Fre th' bawkes, ga fetch ma a wayem-tow,
 My Nowts een wreckend, hee'l not dow.
 Een wellanerin for my Nowte,
 For syke a Musan neer was wrought;
 Put th' VVhyes a mel yon stirks an steers
 Ith' Oumar, an Sneck the Lear deers;
 See if Goff Hyldreth be gaen hand,
 Thou Heltarfull, how dares ta stand?

Laff. Hee'l come belive or eables tittar,
 For wheyn a hard in what a twittar
 Yar poor Owse lay, he tooke his Flayle
 An hang't by th' Swypple on a Nayle,
 Anteuke a Mell fra th' topp oth' VVharmes,
 An swayr hee'd ding yar Owse ith' Harnes;
 He stack his Shackfork up ith' Efins,
 An tuke his Jerkin of oth' Grefins;
 Than tuke his Mittans, reacht his Bill,
 An of oth' Yune head tuke a Swill
 Ta kepp th' Owse blude in; Luke his cum.

Awd. Than reach a Thivel or a Strum
 Ta stir his Blude; stand nat te tawke,
 Hing th' Recans up oth' Rannel-bawke,
 God ya god moarne Goff, Is' een faine,
 You'l put me Owse out o' his pain.

Butch. Hough band him; tack thur VVeevills hyne
 Fra th' Reaps-end; this is not a Swyne
 VVe kill; where ilk yeane hauds a fuat?
 Ife ready now, yelk ane luke tuit.

Than Beef a Gods nam, I now Cry,
 Streach out his Legs, and let him lye
 Till I cum stick 'im; whore's me swill?
 Cum hither Lafs; hawd, hawd, hawd-fill.

L. What mun I dua with' Blude? *B.* Thou Fule
 Team't downe ith' gath, ith' Middin-pule.
 Good Beef by th' Messe, and when 'tis hunge
 Iserowle it downe, with Teuth an Tongue,
 And gobbl't down een till I wurrye,
 And whan nest Mell wee mack a Lurrye;
 A peece o' this fre th' Kymlyn brought
 By th' Rude, 'twill be as good as ought.

A. Mawto-hearted Fule, I een cud greet
 Ta see me Owse dead at me Feet;
 I thank ya Goff; Ise wype me Eene
 And pleas ya tue. *B.* Wyah Gom Green.



The SECOND PART.

Here followeth Merry SONGS and
CATCHES.

The Tobacco-Takers Song.

Tobacco is my Musick,
From Bidders I absent me,
For I have a Case that yields a brace
Of Pipes that do content me.

*Still do I cry, Fill a Pipe,
Fill a Pipe of the best Boy,
Fill Boy never fail me;
With Fire and Smoak,
Still do I choak
The Man that sits near me.*

If any bids me leave it,
Or with me to forsake it,
Tell him from me, what e're he be,
That in snuff I do take it.

Still do I cry, Fill, &c.

We need not the Physician,
We scorn your Medicine-Makers,
We hate your Pills for no poyson kills
The true Tobacco-Takers.

Still do I cry, Fill, &c.

My wife I fear is angry ;
~~I shall be there if Nell come ;~~
 Boy what's to pay ? for I must away.
 Ten Pipes Sir, and you'r welcome.
Still do I cry, Fill, &c.

Tobacco makes me Valiant ,
 From this our wives would wean us,
 But 'tis not she shall conquer me ,
 For Mars did conquer Venus.

*Still do I cry, Fill a Pipe ,
 Fill a Pipe of the best Boy ,
 Fill Boy, never fail me ;
 With Fire and Smoak
 Still do I Choak
 The Man that sits near me.*

The



The Coblers song.

OH the Jovial Coblers! who lives merry lives,
 They have all things at command except it be our wives;
 How so ere we use the Body,
 Yet still we mend the Soul,
 And sing and drink and merrily trowl the Bowl.

There's nere a Trade in *Europe* that can without us stand,
 For we repair and set upright all things we take in hand;
 We help all womens tripping,
 And such as tread awry,
 And sing and drink, and still we are a dry.

We brisel with the proudest, be all in all with friends;
 No Lawyer in this *Kingdome* brings things to shorter ends:
 Although we are all in Pitch,
 At night we make all well,
 And sing and drink and merry Tales we tell.

There was many Lords and Princes, the Gentle-craft did use,
 Who with content there time they spent in making Ladys shoos;
 Yet they themselves translated were,
 When to that Trade they fell,
 To sing and drink and trowl the Pitcher well.

There's not a better Crafts-man in all the Common wealth,
 For though our Fingers be all Pitch we never live by stealth;
 But what we get all day, boys,
 At night we freely spend,
 And sing and drink, and make a Jovial end.



The Needy-man's Song.

A Way with this Cash, 'twill make us all mad,
 The happiest are they that ne're mony had;
 The Pocket that's full proves the owner a Gull;
 No Niggard so great, or apter to cheat,
 A Fob that is lank makes the owner Frank,
 I tell thee, my Friend, his loves without end.

(Cho.) *Oh he never can be
 Too Frolick and Free,
 No sweeter Estate
 Then the Needy mans fate.*

When mony's a stranger, the man's cut of danger,
 From whores and from wine he's kept within line,
 Hee sinells to no Barrels, nor broaches no Quarrels,
 From Millions of Mocks and as many knocks,
 He saveth him self, by scorning of pelf;
 He wears out no shooes in hunting for News.

(Cho) *Oh he never can be
 Too Frolick, &c.*

He cheateth no Heires, nor Shoulder-men fears,
 Takes care for no Rent, forgets what was lent,
 Remembers not what this toy cost or that,
 He Signeth no Bill nor maketh no will;
 Away all is hurl'd, he treads down the World,
 And all that has sums, he counts them but scums.

(Cho.) *Oh he never can be
 Too Frolick and Free,
 No sweeter Estate
 Then the Needy mans fate.*



The Pedlers Song.

FROM the fair *Lavinion* Shore
I your Markets come to store ,
Muse not though so far I dwell
And my wares come here to sell :
Such is the secret hunger of Gold ,
Then come to my Pack ,
While I cry , What d'ye lack ,
What d,ye buy ? for here it is to be sold.

I have Beauty, Honour, Grace ,
Fortune Favour, Time and Place ;
And what else thou would'st request ,
Even the thing thou likest best :
First let me have but a touch of thy Gold ,
Then come to me Lad
Thou shal't have what thy Dad
Never gave ; for here it is to be sold.

Madam, come see what you lack ,
Here's Complexion in my pack ;
White and Red you may have in this place
To hide your old ill wrinkled face.
First let me have but a touch of thy Gold ,
Then thou shal't seem
Like a Wench of fifteen ,
Although you be Threescore year old.



The Cut-Purse Song.

I Keep my Horse, I keep my Whore,
 I take no Rent, yet am not poor;
 I travel all the Land about,
 And yet was born to ne're a foot.

With Partridge plump and Wodcock fine
 I often do at midnight Dine;
 And if my Whore be not in case,
 My Hostess Daughter takes her place.

The Maids sit up and take their turns,
 If I stay long the Tapster mourns;
 The Cook maid has no mind to sin,
 Though tempted by the Chamberlin.

But if I knock, O how they brussel!
 The Ostler yauns, the Gueldings guffel;
 If the Maid but sleep, O how they Curse her!
 And all this comes, of *Deliver your Purse; Str.*

The



The Hay-makers Song.

THe Morning doth waſt ,
 To the Meadows let's haſt ,
 For the Sun doth with Glory ſhine on them ;
 The Maidens muſt Rake
 Whilſt the Hay-cocks we make',
 Then merrily Tumble upon them.

The envy of Court
 Ne're aimes at our ſport ;
 For we live both honeſtly and meanly ;
 Their Ladies are Fine
 But to *Venus* encline ,
 And our Laſſes are harmleſs and cleanly.

Then let us advance
 Our ſelves in a Dance ,
 And afterwards fall to our labour ;
 No Meaſure ſo meet ,
 Nor Muſick ſo Sweet
 To us, as a Pipe and a Tabor.



The Scholar's Song,

WHat Creatures on Earth
 Can boast freer Mirth,
 Less envy'd and loved than we;
 Though Learning grow poor,
 We scorn to implore
 A Gift but what's noble and free.

Our freedom of mind
 Cannot be confin'd,
 VVith Riches we're inwardly blest;
 Nor Death, nor the Grave
 Our worths can deprave,
 Nor malice our Ashes molest.

VVhen such Moles, as you
 Your own Earth shall mure,
 And VVorms shall your memory eat;
 Our names being read
 Shall strike envy dead,
 And Ages our VVorths shall repeat.



The Beggers Song.

CAST your Caps and cares away
This is the Beggers Holy day ;
At the Crowning of our King
Thus we ever Dance and Sing.

In the world look out and see
VWhere is so happy a King as he ;
VWhere's those people live so free ,
And so merry as do we ?

Be it peace or be it war ,
Here at Liberty we are ,
And enjoy our ease and rest ,
To the Field we are not prest.

Nor are call'd into the Town
To be troubled with a Gown ,
Hang all Offices we cry
And your Magistrate despise.

VWhen the Subsidies are increast
VVe are not a Penny ceast ,
Nor will any go to Law
VWith a Begger for a straw.

*All which happiness he brags
He doth owe unto his Rags.*

Second Part.

From hunger and cold who liveth more free ,
And who so richly clothed as we ;
Our Bellies are full and our flesh it is warm ,
And against Pride our Rags is a charm.

*Enough is a Feast and for to Morrow ,
Let Rich-men take Care, we feel no Sorrow.*

*The Tavern Song.*

THe Gentry to the *Kings-head* ,
 The Nobles to the *Crown* ,
 The Knight unto the *Golden-Fleece* ;
 And at the *Plow* the Clown.

The Churchman to the *Miter* ,
 The Shepherd to the *Star* ,
 The subtle Gardner to the *Rose* ,
 And at th' *Drum* the man of War.

To the *Feathers* Ladies go, the *Globe*
 The Seaman do not scorn ,
 The Usurer to the *Devil* ,
 And the Citizen to the *Horn*.

The Huntsman to the *white-hart* ,
 To the *Ship* the Merchants go ;
 But those that do the *Muses* love ,
 To the *Swan* call'd River *Poe*.

The Banquerout to the *Worlds end* ,
 The Fool to the *Fortune* hie ,
 Unto the Mouth the *Oyster wife* ,
 The Fidler to the *Pye*.

The Punck unto the *Cockatrice* ,
 The Drunkard to the *Vine* ,
 The Begger to the *Bush* ,
 And with *Duke Humphry* to Dine.



The Healths.

Here's a Health to the merry old Sinner

In a glafs of strong Aquavitz,
That for a Crown and a Dinner
Will get you a wench will delight you.

Because that you are not for Ale,

Here's a Health to a Girl in strong Beer,
Although she (like it) be stale,
She may happen to cost you dear.

Here's a Health in Ale to our Dear

That latley hath serv'd in the Kitchen,
A bouncing Wastcoateer,
A remedy for the Itching.

Here's a Health to the Earls fine Daughter

In Renish with Lemon and Sugar
Who (with this well ballanc'd) will after
Give liberty to you for to hug her.

Unto the Green sickness Maid

Here's a Health in sparkling white,
Though yet she be never staid,
She may alter her mind e're night.

Unto the new married wife

Here's a Health in neat Clarret,
Though her Spouse lead a jealous life,
And her tongue out prattles a Parrot.

To the Jovial Widdow at last

A Health wee'l drink in Sack,
Her constitutions in haste,
You may quickly guess what she does lack.

Now you have so freely drank

Their Healths and merrily round,
Each of you may go to his Punck,
They are yours a Mite to a pound.

But now I've thought better on't,

Y'ad best to leave Drinking and Whoring,
For virtue hereafter will vaunt,
When vice shall receive a great scoring.



A Glee to Bacchus.

Bacchus I, acchus fill our brains
As well as Bowles with sprightly strains.

Let Souldiers fight for pay and praise,
And money be the Misers wish,
Poor Scholars study all their daves,
And Gluttons glory in their dish.

*'Tis Wine, pure Wine, revives sad souls,
Therefore give me the chearing bowles.*

Let Minions marshal in their hair,
And in a Lovers Lock delight,
And artificial Colours were,
We have the Native red and white.

'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

Your Pheasant pout, and culver Salmon,
And how to please your pallets think,
Give us a salt west-Phala-Gamon,
Not meat to eat, but meat to drink.

'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

It makes the backward spirits brave,
That Lively, that before was dull;
Those grow good Fellows that are grave,
And kindness flows from cups brim full.

'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

Some have the Tiffick, some have Rheume,
Some have the Palsey, some the Gout;
Some swell with fat, and some consume,
But they are sound that drink all out.

'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

Some men want Youth, and some want health,
Some want a Wife, and some a Punck;
Some men want wit, and some want wealth,
But he wants nothing that is drunk.

'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

Bacchus I, acchus fill our Brains
As well as Bowles with sprightly strains.



A Glee to Bacchus,

TO *Bacchus* we to *Bacchus* sing,
VVith VVine and Mirth wee'l conjure him.

By his Mothers Eye,
And her Fathers Thigh,
By his God brought to Light,
And his too glorious Sight,
By *Juno's* deceit,
And by thy sad retreat,

Appear appear appear in Bottles here.

By *Ariadnes* wrongs,
And the false youngs harms,
By the Rock in his breast,
And her tears sore oppress,
By the Beauty she fled,
And the pleasures of a bed,

Appear appear appear in Bottles here.

By this purple wine
Thus pour'd on thy shrine,
And by this Beer Glas,
To the next kind Lase,
By a Girle twice nine
That will clasp like a Vine.

Appear appear appear in Bottles here.

By the men thou hast won,
And the women undone,
By the Friend-ship thou hast made,
And the Secrets betraid,
By the power over sorrow,
Thus charm'd till to morrow,

Appear appear appear in Bottles here.



ON A

Pint of SACK.

Old Poets H'pocrin admire ,
 And pray to water to inspire
 Their wit and Muse with heavenly fire ;
 Had they this Heav'nly Fountain seen ,
 Sack both their Well and Muse had been ,
 And this Pint-Pot their Hipocrin.

Had they truly discovered it
 They had (like me) thought it unfit
 To pray to water for their wit ;
 And had ador'd Sack as divine ,
 And made a Poet God of Wine ,
 And this Pint-pot had been a shrine.

Sack unto them had been in stead
 Of Nectar, and their heav'nly bread ,
 And ev'ry Boy a Garimmed ;
 Or had they made a God of it ,
 Or stil'd it patron of their wit ,
 The Pot had been a Temple fit.

Well then Companions is't not fit
 Since to this Jemine we owe our wit,
 That we should praise the Cabinet ,
 And drink a health to this divine ,
 And bounteous pallace of our VVine :
 Die he with thirst that doth repine.



In the Praise of WINE.

TIs VVine that inspires ,
 And quencheth Loves fires ,
 Teaches fools how to rule a State ;
 Maids ne're did approve it ,
 Because those that do love it ,
 Despise and laugh at their hate.

The drinkers of beer
 Did ne're yet appear
 In matters of any weight ;
 'Tis he whose designe
 Is quickn'd by wine
 That raises things to their height.

VVe then should it prize
 For never black eyes
 Made wounds which this could not heal ;
 VVho then doth refuse
 To drink of this Juice ,
 Is a foe to the Common-weal.

*A Glee in praise of Sack.*

Verse. Sack is the Prince of Wines ,
 The Quintessence of Liquor ,
 The Brain it Purges and Refines ,
 And makes the Wit the quicker.

Chorus. Then let us laugh, let us sing and quaff ,
 Let us toss the Pot and be merry ;
 Let us all bear a part, to drink quart after quart
 Of this same delicate Sherry.

Verse. Should *Jove* come down to men
 And tast this Sack, he'd think ,
 Nay swear by *Styx* 'twere better than
 The Wine the Gods do drink.

Chorus. Then let us laugh, let us sing and quaff ,
 Let us toss the Pot and be merry ;
 Let us all bare a part, to drink quart after quart
 Of this same delicate Sherry.

Verse. If a man have but this ,
 He shall no Musick lack ;
 No Musick to a Sack But is ,
 Or to a But of Sack.

Chorus. Then let us laugh, let us sing and quaff ,
 Let us toss the Pot and be merry ;
 Let us all bear a part, to drink quart after quart
 Of this same delicate Sherry.

A Song ,



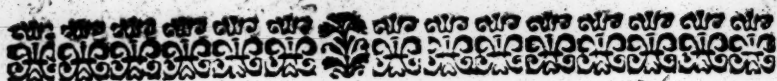
*A Song ,
Forſaken Phillis, her Lamentation.*

To a choice New Tune.

MY Lodging is on the cold Ground ,
And very hard is my Fare ;
But that which troubles me moſt is
The unkindneſs of my Dear :
Yet ſtill I cry O turn Love ,
And I preſbee Love turn to me ;
For thou art the man that I long for ,
And alack what remedie !

I'll Crown thee with Garlands of Straw then ,
And I'll Marry thee with a Ruſh Ring ;
My frozen hopes ſhall thaw then ,
And merrily we will ſing ,
O turn to me my dear Love ,
And I preſbee Love turn to me ;
For thou art the man that alone can'ſt
Procure my libertie.

But if thou wilt harden thy Heart ſtill,
And be deaf to my pitiful moan ,
Then I muſt endure the ſmart ſtill ,
And tumble in ſtraw alone :
Yet ſtill I cry O turn Love ,
And I preſbee Love turn to me ;
For thou art the man that alone art
The cauſe of my miſerie.



*On a Cold
Chyne of BEEF.*

BRing out the Old Chyne, the Cold Chyne to me
And how Ile charge him come and see :
Brawn tusked, Brawn well fowst and fine
VVith a precious cup of Muscadine :

Chorus { *How shall I sing, how shall I look ,
In honour of the Master-Cook.*

The Pig shall turn round and answer me ,
Canst thou spare me a shoulder, a wy, a wy ;
The Duck, Goose and Capon, good fellows all three
Shall dance thee an antick so shall the Turkey :
But O ! the cold Chyne , the cold Chyne for me :

Chorus { *How shall I sing, how shall I look ,
In honour of the Master-Cook.*

VVith brewis Ile noynt thee from head toth' heel ,
Shall make thee run nimbler then the new oyl'd wheel ,
With Pye-crust wee'l make thee
The eighth wise man to be ;

But O ! the cold Chyne, the cold Chyne for me :

Chorus { *How shall I sing, how shall I look ,
In honour of the Master-Cook.*

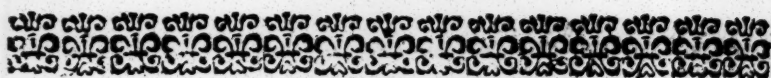
On a Chine of BEEF.

A Chine of Beef, God save us all !
Far longer than the Butchers Stall ,
And sturdier than the City wall ;
For this held out untill the foe
By dint of Blade, and potent blow
Fell in Pell-mell, that did not so.

VVith Somachs sharper than their Knives
They lay'd about them for their lives ;
VVell *East-Cheape* men beware your VVives :
Inraged weapons storm'd it round
Each wreaking from an open wound ,
That in its own Gravy it seem'd drown'd.

Magnanimous Flesh ! that did not fall
At first assault or second mall ,
But a third time defaist them all ;
VVhat strength may fates decrees revoke ?
It was ordain'd this should be broke ,
Alas ! in time the sturdy Oake.

VVhat goodly Ruines did appear ,
VVhat Bulwarks , Spondals are there here ;
VVhat Palizado Ribs are there ;
The bold monument stearn Death defies,
Inscribed thus to mirth, here lies
A Trophey, and a Sacrifice.

*Counsel to a Batchellor.*

HE that Marries a merry Lass
 He has most cause to be sad,
 For let her go free in her merry tricks,
 She'l work his patience mad.

But he that Marries a Scold a Scold
 He has most cause to be merry,
 For when she is in her fits, he may cherrish his wits
 With Singing hey down a derry.

He that Weds a Roring Girl
 That will both scratch and fight,
 Though he study all day to make her away,
 Will be glad to please her at night.

But he that Marries a sullen wench,
 Which scarce will speak at all,
 Her doggedness more than a Scold or a Whore
 Will penetrate his Gall.

He that Marries with a Turtle-Dove
 That has no spleen about her,
 Shall wast so much life in love of his wife,
 He had better be without her.

Advice



Advice to a Friend upon his Marriage.

TO Friend and to Foe, to all that I know
 That to Marriage Estate do prepare,
 Remember your dayes in several wayes
 Are troubled with sorrow and care:
 For he that doth look in the Married mans book
 And read but his *Items* all over,
 Shall find them to come, at length to a sum
 Which shall empty Purse, Pocket and Coffer.

In the pastimes of love, when their labours do prove,
 And the fruit beginneth to kick,
 For this and for that, and I know not for what,
 The woman must have, or be sick:
 There's *Item* set down for a loose-bodied Gown,
 In her longings you must not deceive her;
 For a Bodkin a Ring, or the other fine thing;
 For a Whisk, a Scarf or a Beaver.

Deliver'd and well, who is't cannot tell
 Thus while the Child lyes at Nipple,
 There's *Item* for Wine, and Gossips so fine,
 And Sugar to sweeten their Tipple:
 There's *Item* I hope for Water and Sope,
 There's *Item* for Fire and Candle,
 For better for worse, There's *Item* for Nurse
 The Baby to dress and to dandle.

When swaddled in lap, There's *Item* for Pap,
 And *Item* for Pot, Pan and Ladle;
 A Courel with Bells, which custom compels,
 And *Item* ten Groats for a Cradle:
 With twenty odd knacks which the little one lacks,
 And thus doth thy pleasure bewray thee:
 But this is the sport in Country and Court,
 Then let not these pastimes betray thee.



The Married mans Diet.

TWelve sorts of Meats my Wife provides,
 And bates me not a Dish;
 Of which Four *Flesh*, Four *Fruit* there are,
 The other Four of *Fish*.

For the first Course she serves me in
 Four *Birds* that dainties are,
 The First a *Quaile*, the next a *Raile*,
 A *Bittern*, and a *Jar*.

My Appetite being cloy'd with these,
 With *Fish* she makes it sharp,
 And brings me next a *Lump*, a *Pont*,
 A *Gudgeon* and a *Carp*.

The Second Course is of *Fruit* well serv'd,
 Fitting well the Season,
 A *Medler*, and a *Hartichok*,
 A *Crab*, and a small *Reison*.

What's he that having such a Wife
 That on her would not doat,
 Who daily does provide such Fare
 VVhich costs him ne're a Groat?

A Song,

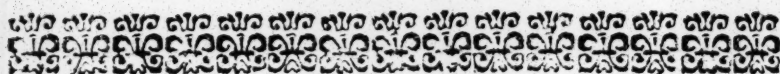


A Song,
Cælia's Complaint.

POor *Calia* once was very fair,
A quick bewitching eye she had;
Most neatly look'd her brayded Hair,
Her dainty Cheeks would make you mad;
Upon her Lips did all the Graces play,
And on her Breast ten thousand *Cupids* lay.

Then many a doting Lover came
From Seventeen till Twenty one;
Each told her of his mighty flame,
But she, Forsooth, affected none:
One was not Handsome, th'other was not Fine;
This of Tobacco smelt and that of wine.

But t'ther day it was my fate
To walk along that way alone;
I saw no Coach before her Gate,
But at her Dore I heard her Moan;
She dropt a Tear, and Sighing seem'd to say,
Young Ladies, Marry, Marry while you may.



A Song,
The Mad Lover.

HE that will court a wench that is Coy,
That is Proud, that is Peevish and Antick;
Let him be as careless to sport and to toy,
And as wilde as she can be frantick:
Flatter her and slight her,
Laugh at her and spight her,
Rayl and commend her again;
'Tis the way to woe her,
If you mean to do her;
Such Girles love such men,

He that will court a wench that is milde,
And that is sweet of behaviour,
Let him gently woe her,
And not roughly come to her,
'Tis the way to win her Favour:
Give her Kisses plenty,
She'l take them were they twenty,
Stroak her and Kiss her again;
'Tis the way to woe her,
If you mean to do her,
Soft Girles love milde men.

He that will court a wench that is mad,
That will squeak and cry out if you hand her,
Let him frisk and fling, and make the house to ring,
'Tis the only way to command her:
Take her up and towze her,
Give her Kisses and rouse her,
Rayl and commend her again,
'Tis the way to woe her,
If you mean to do her,
Such Girles love wilde men,



A Song,

An Old Knight to a Young Lady.

MAdams, your Beauty (I confess)
May our young Gallants wound or bless,
But cannot warm my frozen Heart,
Not capable of Joy or smart:
Cause neither Wit, nor Locks, nor Kindness can
Make young a Super-annu-ated man.

Those sparks that every Minute fly
From your bright Eyes, do falling dye;
Not kindle flames as heretofore,
Because old I can Love no more:
Beauty on wither'd hearts no Trophy gains,
For Tynder over-us'd, no fire retains.

If you'll indure to be admir'd
By an Old Dotard new Inspir'd,
You may enjoy the Quintessence
Of my past loves without Expence:
For I can wait, and prate, I thank my Fate
I can do all, but no new Fire Create.

L 3

A Song,



A Song ,
Colin and his Love.

Most early in a Morning fair
A Shepherd Sang this Solemn Ayr ,
VWhere his Dear Love did use to lye ,
And thus Lamenting he did Cry !

VWas ever one in love as I ,
That am so Sick yet cannot dyé ?
My Heart is break, nay delight is gone ,
Yet I'le have my Love, or I'le have none.

My Father hath done me much wrong
To keep me from my Love so long ,
But unto him I'le have it known
That I'le have my Love, or I'le have none.

To some far Country I will goe ,
Confine my self to care and woe ;
And there I'le sit and make my moan ,
For I'le have my Love, or I'le have none.

Set Forty Thousand on a row
My love will make the fairest show ;
And though from me she's fled and gone ,
Yet I'le have my Love, or I'le have none.

I gave my Love a pair of Shoon
As black as Jet, her shoo-strings blew ;
She put um on and away she's Flown ,
Yet I'le have my Love, or I'le have none.

A Song ,



*A Song,
A Lady to a young Courtier.*

Love thee, Good sooth, not I ;
I've some what else to do :
Alas ! you must go learn to talk ,
Before you learn to VVoe ;
Nay fie, stand off, go too go too.

Before you'r in the Fashion ,
And newly come to Court ,
D'ye think your Cloths are Orators
T' invite us to the sport ,
Ha ha ! who will not jeer you for't ?

Ne're look so sweetly, Youth ,
Nor Fiddle with your Band ,
VVe know you trim your borrow'd Curls
To shew your pretty Hand ,
But 'tis too young for to command.

Go practice how to Jeer ,
And think each word a Jest ;
That's the Courts wit, Alas ! you are out
To think when finely drest
You please me, or the Ladies best.

And why so confident ,
Because that lately we
Have brought another lofty word
Unto our Pedegree ;
Your inside seems the worse to me.

Mark how Sir *Whacham* Fools ,
I marry there's a wit ?
Who cares not what he sayes or swears ,
So Ladies laugh at it :
Who can deny such Blades a bit.



The Bashful Lover.

A Song in the Play of the *Mock Astrologer*.

Calm was the Evening and clear was the skie,
And the sweet budding flowers did spring,
When all alone went *Amintor* and I

To hear the sweet Nightingale sing:
I sate and he lay'd him down by me,
And scarcely his breath he could draw,
But when with a fear he began to come near,
He was dasht with a ha ha ha ha ha ha, &c.

He blusht to himself, and laid still a while;
'Twas his modesty curb'd his desire;
But strait I convinc'd all his fears with a smile,
And added new flames to his fire:
Ah! *Silvia*, said, he your are cruel
To keep your poor lover in awe,
Then once more he prest with his hand to my breast,
But wast dasht with a ha ha ha ha ha ha, &c.

I knew 'twas his passion that caused his fear,
And therefore I pittied his case;
I whisper'd him softly, there's no body near,
And lay'd my Cheek close to his Face:
But as he grew bolder and bolder
A Shepherd came by us and saw,
And strait as our bliss, we began with a Kiss,
He laughs out with a ha ha ha ha ha ha, &c.

A Song,



*A Song ,
Freedom in Love.*

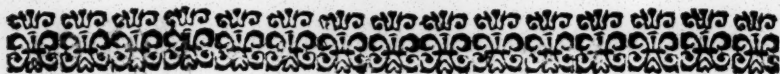
PLeasure, Beauty, Youth attend ye ;
Love and melting thoughts befriend ye ;
While the spring of Nature lasteth
Use your time e're Winter hasteth.

Active blood and free delight
Place and privacy invite ,
Oh be kind as you are fair !
Lose no advantage got for Air.

She is cruel that denies it ,
Stealth of sport in love supplies it ;
Bounty best appears in granting ,
Else the cares of love are wanting.

There's the sweet exchange of bliss ,
Where each whisper proves a Kiss ;
In the gains are felt no pains ,
For still in all the loser gains.

A Song ,



*A Song,
Advice to Cloris.*

Cloris forbear a while, do not o're Joy me,
 Urge not another Smile, lest you destroy me;
 That Beauty pleaseth most, and is best taken,
 Which soon is won, soon lost, Kind, yet forsaken:
 I love a coming Lady, 'tis true I doe,
 But now and then I'de have her scornful too.

O'recloud those eyes of thine, bo-peep thy Features,
 Warm with an *April* shine, scorch not thy Creatures;
 Still to display thy ware, still to be fooling,
 Argues how rude you are in *Cupid's* schooling:
 Disdain begets a smile, Scorn draws us nigh,
 'Tis cause I would and cannot, makes me try.

Cloris I'de have thee wise, when Gallants view thee,
 And Court, do thou despise, fly those persue thee;
 Fasts move an Appetite, makes hunger greater,
 Whose stinted of delight falls to't the better:
 Be coy and kind by turns, be smoth and rough,
 And buckle now and then, and that's enough.

A Song,



*A Song,
Counsel to a Maid.*

C*Levi* when e're you do intend
To venture on a bosom Friend ;
Be sure you know your servant well ,
Before your libertie you sell .

For Loves a Feaver in young and old ,
That's sometimes hot and sometimes cold ;
And men you know when e're they please
Can soon be sick of this disease .

Then wisely chuse a freind that may
Last for an Age, not for a day ;
Who loves thee not for Lip or Eye ,
But from a Mutual Sympathie .

To such a friend thy Heart engage ,
For he will court thee in old Age ;
And kifs thy shallow wrinkled brow
With as much joy as he doth now .

A Song ,

Pills to purge Melancholy.



*A Song ,
The doubtful lover Resolv'd.*

FAin would I love but that I fear ,
I quickly should the willow wear ;
Fain would I marry, but men say
When love is try'd he will away :
Then tell me Love what I shall do
To cure these fears when e're I woe.

The fair one she's a mark to all ,
The Brown one each doth lovely call ,
The Black a Pearl in fair-mens eyes ,
The rest will stoop to any prize :
Then tell me Love what I shall do
To cure these fears when e're I woe.

Reply.

Go Lover, know it is not I
That wound with fear or jealousy ;
Nor do men feel those smarts
Until they have confin'd their hearts :
Then if you'l cure your fears, you shall
Love neither Fair, Black, Brown, but All.

A Song ,



*A Song ,
The Merry Lover.*

I Love thee for thy Fickleness
And great inconstancie ;
For had'st thou been a constant Lais ,
Then thou had'st ne're lov'd me.

I love thee for thy Wantonness
And for thy drollerie ;
For if thou had'st not lov'd to sport ,
Then thou had'st ne're lov'd me.

I Love thee for thy Poverty
And for thy want of Coin ;
For if thou had'st been worth a groat
Then thou had'st ne're been mine.

I Love thee for thy Uglyness
And for thy Foolerie ,
For if thou hadst been fair or wise
Then thou had'st ne're lov'd me.

Then let me have thy Heart a while ,
And thou shalt have my Money ,
I'll part with all the wealth I have
To enjoy a lais so Bonny.

A Song ,



*A Song,
Liberty in Love.*

HOw happy art thou and I
That never knew how to love,
There's no such blessings here beneath,
What e're there is above :
*'Tis libertie, 'tis libertie
That every wiseman loves.*

Out out upon those Eyes
That think to Murder me ;
And he's an assle believes her fair
That is not kind and free :
*There's nothing sweet, there's nothing sweet
To man but Libertie.*

I'll tye my Heart to none ,
Nor yet confine mine eyes ,
But I will play my game so well
I'll never want a prize :
*'Tis libertie, 'tis libertie
Has made me now thus wise.*

A Song,



*A Song,
A Clown to his Mistress.*

EXcellent Mistress ! fairer then the Moon,
Then scowred Pewter or the silver Spoon ;
Brighter then *Venus*, or the Morning Star ,
Dainty fine Mistress by my troth you are.
Far excelling all other Nymphs ,
As Lobsters, Crawfish or Crawfish Shrimps.
The Glow-worm is most bright,
Your Eyes do shine more clearly,
As I hope to be Knighted
I love thee most dearly.



On a Wife.

HEr for a Mistress fain would I enjoy
Who hangs the Lip, and pouts at every toy ;
Speaks like a wag, is bold, dare boldly stand ,
And bare Loves Scepter in a constant hand ;
Laughs loud, and for one blow will give me three ,
And when she's stabb'd will fall a kissing me :
If she be Modest Wife, and chaste of Life,
Hang her, she's good for nought but for a Wife.



On Tobacco.

Much Meat do serve the Glutton
 To feed upon like Swine,
 But he's a happy man indeed
 That on an Hearb can Dine:
 His Trencher needs no Napkin
 His Fingers for to wipe;
 He keeps a Kitchin in his box,
 His roast-meat in a Pipe.



Upon a Welshman.

A Man of *wales* a little before *Easter*
 Ran on his Hostess score for Cheefe a Teaster:
 His Hostess chalt it up behind the dore,
 And said, for Cheefe (good Sir) Come pay the score:
Cod's Platernails (quoth he) what meaneth these?
 What dost thou think her knows not Chalk from Cheefe?



A Song,
The Jovial Tinker.

HE that a *Tinker*, a *Tinker* will be,
Let him leave other Loves and come listen to me,
Though he Travels all the Day
Yet he comes home still at Night,
And dallies with his Doxie,
And dreams of Delight.

His Pot and his Tost in the morning he takes,
And all the day long good musick he makes;
He wanders up and down to *wakes* and to *Faires*,
And casts his Cap at the Court, and its cares:
When to the Town the *Tinker* doth come,
Oh how the wanton wenches run!

Some bring him Basons, some bring him Bowles,
All wenches pray him to stop up their holes;
Tink goes the Hammar, the Skellet and the Skummer:
Come bring me the Copper Kettle
For the *Tinker* the *Tinker*, the merry merry *Tinker*,
Oh he is the man of mettle!

Ho Maids, Fair maids, sweet wenches come away,
Let me here no longer stay,
But bring me the Kettle, the Trug and the Tray,
For here comes the *Tinker* with his Tools:
This Trade was never taught in Schools,
No nor his Art, as you may see,
The Cobler mends not more then he.

M

Catches.

CATCHES.

Now that the *Spring* hath fill'd our Veins
 With kind and active fire,
 And made green Liveries for the Plaines,
 And every Grove a Quire.

Sing we this Song with mirth and merry glee,
 And *Bacchus* crown the Bowl,
 And here's to thee, and thou to me,
 And every thirsty soul.

Shear sheep that have them, cry we still
 But see that none escape
 To take of his Sherry, that makes us so merry
 And plump as the lusty Grape.

2 Catch.

Your merry Poets old Boys
 Of *Aganippes* Well,
 Full many tales have told Boys,
 Whose liquor doth excel,
 And how that place was haunted
 By those that love good *VVine*;
VVho tippled there and chaunted
 Among the *Muses* Nine.
VVhere still they cry'd Drink clear Boys,
 And you shall quickly know it,
 That 'tis not lowzy Beer Boys
 But Wine that makes a Poet.

3 Catch.

Call *George* again boy, call *George* again;
 And for the love of *Bacchus* call *George* again.
George is a good boy, and draws us good wine,
 Or fill us more Clarret our wit to refine;
George is a brave Lad, and an honest man,
 If you will him know, he dwells at the Swan.

4 Catch

4 Catch.

'Mongst all the precious Juices
 Afforded for our uses,
 There's none to be compar'd with Sack ;
 For the body or the mind
 No such Physick you shall find ,
 Therefore boy see we do not lack.

VVould'st thou hit a lofty strain ,
 VVith this Liquor warm thy brain ;
 And thou Swain shalt sing as sweet as *Sidney* ;
 Or would'st thou laugh and be fat ,
 There's not any like to that
 To make *Jack Sprat* a man of Kidney.

It is the Soul of mirth
 To poor Mortals upon Earth ,
 It would make a coward bold as *Hector* ,
 Nay I wager durst a Peece ,
 That those merry Gods of *Greece*
 Drank old Sack and *Nectar*.

5 Catch.

Come come away to the Tavern I say ,
 For now at home 'tis washing day ;
 Leave your prittle prattle, and fill us a pottle ;
 You are not so wise as *Aristotle* :
 Drawer come away, let's make it Holy-day ,
 Anon, Anon, Anon Sir, what is't you say ?

6 Catch.

There was an old man at *Waltham* cross ,
 Who merrily sung when he liv'd by the loss ;
Hey tro-ly loly loly lo.

He never was heard to sigh a hey ho ,
 But he sent it out with a *Hey troly loly lo.*

He cheer'd up his heart
 When his goods went to wrack
 With a hem, boy, Hem !
 And a cup of old Sack ;
Sing hey troly loly lo.

7 Catch.

Come let us cast *Dice* who shall drink ,
 Mine is *twelve* and his *six sink* ,
Six and *Four* is thine, and he threw *Nine* ,
 Come away *Sink* tray, *Size ace* fair play ;
Quator duce is your throw Sir ,
Quator ace, they run low Sir ;
 Two *Duces* I see, *Duce ace* is but three :
 Oh where is the wine, come fill up his glass ,
 For here is the man has thrown *Ams ace*.

8 Catch.

She that will eat her breakfast in her bed ,
 And spend the morn in dressing of her head ,
 And sit at dinner like a Maiden-Bride ,
 And nothing do all day, but talk of pride ;
Jove of his mercy may do much to save her ,
 But what a case is he in that shall have her !

9 Catch.

9 Catch.

Never let a man take heavily the clamor of his wife ;
But be rul'd by me, and lead a merry life ;
But let her have her will in every thing ,
If she scolds then laugh and sing ,
Hey derry derry ding.

10 Catch.

Let's cast away care and merrily sing ,
There is a time for every thing ;
He that plays at work, and works at his play ;
Neither keeps VVorking, nor yet Holi-day :
Set business aside, and let us be merry ,
And drown our dull thoughts in Canary and Sherry.

11 Catch.

Hang sorrow and cast away care ,
And let us drink up our Sack ;
They say 'tis good to cherish the blood ,
And for to strengthen the back :
'Tis Wine that makes the thoughts aspire ,
And fills the body with heat ;
Besides 'tis good, if well understood
To fit a man for the feat :
*Then call, and drink up all ,
The drawer is ready to fill ;
Pox take care, what need we to spare ,
My Father has made his will.*

12 *Catch.*

The *Wifemen* were but seven, ne're more shall be for me ;
 The *Muses* were but nine, The worthies three times three ;
And three merry Boyes, and three merry Boyes are we.

The *Vertues* were but seven, and three the greater be ;
 The *Cæsars* they were twelve, and the fatal Sisters three ;
And three merry Girles, and three merry Girles are we.

13 *Catch.*

Shew a Room, sh^ew a Room, shew a Room ;
 Here's a knot of Good Fellows are come
 That mean for to be merry
 With Clarret and with Sherry ;
 Each man to mirth himself disposes ,
 And for the reckoning tell *Noses* :
 Give the *Red-Nose* some *White* ,
 And the *Pale-Nose* some *Clarret* ,
 But the *Nose* that looks *Blew* ,
 Give him a Cup of Sack'twill mend his hew .

14 *Catch.*

O the wily wily *Fox*, with his many wily mocks !
 We'll Earth him, if you'l but follow ,
 And now that we have don't, to conclude this merry hunt ;
 Let us roundly whoop and hollow :
Prethee drink, prethee drink, prethee-prethee drink ,
That the hunters may follow.

15 *Catch.*

15 Catch.

My Lady and her Maid upon a merry pin ;
They made a match at Farting, who should the Wager win ;
Jone lights three Candles then, and sets them bolt upright ;
With the first fart she blew them out ,
With the next she gave them light :
In comes my Lady then, with all her might and main ;
And blew them out, and in and out, and out and in again.

16 Catch.

Now I am married, Sir John Ple not curse ,
He joyns us together for better, for worse ;
But if I were single I tell you plain ,
I would be advised e're I marri'd again.

17 Catch.

An old house end, an old house end ,
And many a good fellow wants mony to spend ,
If thou wilt borrow
Come hither to morrow ,
I dare not part so soon with my friend ,
But let us be merry, and drink off our Sherry ,
But to part with my mony I do not Intend ;
Then a turd in thy Teeth, and an old house end.

18 Catch.

Thou sit'st too long at the Pot *Tom*
 Thou sit'st too long at the Pot *Tom* ;
 Here's thy Pot and my Pot ,
 And my Pot and thy Pot ,
 Then hold thy Nose to the Pot *Tom*.

Thou studi'st Phylosophy *Tom* ,
 And some time Astrology *Tom* ;
 Let's have our Liquor about us
 Both within and without us ;
 Then hold thy Nose to the Pot *Tom*.

What humour hath cross'd the now *Tom* ,
 VVhat humour hath cros'd the now *Tom* ?
 VVhat Bug-bear doth fright thee
 From that that delights thee ?
 Then hold thy Nose to the Pot *Tom*.

VVhat Lawyer is like to thee *Tom* ,
 Or for to plead against the Pot *Tom* ?
 A fig for his reading ,
 Except that his pleading
 Is for to maintain the Pot *Tom*.

The Pot is the Peace-maker *Tom* ,
 And the righter of every mans wrong *Tom* ;
 For when the Law cannot mend it ,
 The Pot it will end it ,
 Then hold thy Nose to the Pot *Tom*.

Then hold thy Nose to the Pot *Tom* ,
 And do thy self not so much wrong *Tom* ,
 Cut not that behind thee ,
 VVhich *Bacchus* design'd thee ;
 Then hold thy Nose to the Pot *Tom*.

For Malt that's good for the Maw Tom ;

It will cure the body in *Autumn* ;

The *felix quem faciunt*

I pray thee be patient ,

Athena pericula Cautum.

Then hold thy Nose to the Pot Tom ,

And do thy self not so much wrong Tom ;

Neither Parson nor Vicar

But will take off his Liquor ,

Then hold thy Nose to the Pot Tom.

19 Catch.

Drink, drink, all you that think

To cure your souls of sadness ;

Take up your Sack, 'tis all you lack ,

All worldly care is madness.

Let Lawyers plead, and and Scholars read ,

And Sectaries still conjecture ,

Yet we can be as merry as they

With a Cup of *Apollo's* Nectar.

Let Gluttons feed and Souldiers bleed ,

And fight for reputation ;

Physicians are fools, to fill up close stools ,

And cure men by purgation.

Yet we have a way far better then they ,

Which *Galen* could never conjecture ,

To cure the head, nay quicken the dead ,

With a cup of *Apollo's* Nectar.

We do forget we are in debt

When we with liquor are warmed ;

We dare out-face the Sergeant's Mace

And Martial Troops through armed.

The *Swedish* King much Honour did win ,

And valiant was as *Hector* ;

Yet we can be as valiant as he ,

With a cup of *Apollo's* Nectar.

Let

Antidote against

Let the worlds slave his comfort have
 And hug his hoards of treasure,
 Till he and his wish meet both in a dish,
 So dies a Miser in pleasure.
 'Tis not a fat farm our wishes can charm;
 We scorn this greedy conjecture;
 'Tis a health to our friend, to whom we commend
 This cup of *Apollo's* Nectar.

The Pipe and the Pot, are our common shot,
 Wherewith we keep a quarter;
 Enough for to choak with fire and smoak
 The great *Turk* and the *Tartar*.
 Our faces red, our Ensignes spread,
Apollo is our Protector;
 To rear up the Scout, to run in and out,
 And drink up this cup of Nectar.

20 *Catch.*

There was three Cooks in *Colebrook*
 And they fell out with our Cook,
 And all was for a pudding he took,
 And from the Cook of *Colebrook*.
 There was swash cook, and flash cook,
 And thy Nose in my Narse Cook,
 And all was for a pudding he took,
 And from the cook of *Colebrook*.
 Then they fell all upon our Cook,
 And numbled him so, that he did look
 As black as the pudding which that he took,
 And from the Cook of *Colebrook*.

21 *Catch.*

Wilt thou lend me thy Mare to ride a mile?
 No, she's lame going over a stile:
 But if thou wilt her to me spare
 Thou shalt have mony for thy Mare:
 Oh! say you so, say you so,
 Mony will make my Mare to go.

22 The Answer.

Your Mare is lame she halts down right ;
Then shall we not get to *London* to night :
You cry'd ho, ho, mony made her go ,
But now I well perceive it is not so ;
You must spur her up and put her to't
Though mony will not make her go, your spurs will do't.

23 Catch.

If any so wise is, that Sack he despises ,
Let him drink his small beer and be sober ,
VVhilest we drink Sack and sing, as if it were spring ,
He shall droop like the Trees in *October*.
But be sure over night, if this dog do you bite ,
You take it henceforth for a warning ,
Soon as out of your bed, to settle your head
Take a hair of his tayle in the Morning :
And be not so silly, to follow old *Lilly* .
For there's nothing but Sack that can tune us ,
Let his *Ne-assuescas* be put in his cap-case
And sing *bi-bi-to vinum Jejunnus*.

24 Catch.

Good *Symon* how comes it your Nose looks so red ,
And your Cheeks and lips look so pale ,
Sure the heat of the Toast, your Nose did Yo roast ,
VVhen they were both sou'd in Ale.
It shoves like the Spire of *Pauls* steeple on fire ,
Each Ruby darts forth (such lightning) Flashes
VVhile your face looks as dead, as if it were Lead,
And covered all over with ashes.

Now

Now to heighten his colour, yet fill his pot fuller
 And nick it not so with froth,
 Gra-mercy mine Host, it shall save thee a Toast,
 Sup *Simon*, for here is good brotli.

25 *Catch.*

Wilt thou be Fat? I'll tell thee how
 Thou shalt quickly do the Feat;
 And that so plump a thing as thou
 Was never yet made up of meat:
 Drink off thy Sack, 'twas onely that
 Made *Bacchus* and *Jack Falstafe*, Fat, Fat.

Now every Fat man I advise
 That scarce can peep out of his eyes,
 Which being set can hardly rise;
 Drink off his Sack and freely quaff,
 'Twill make him lean, but me to laugh
 To tell him how — 'tis on a staff.

26 *Catch.*

Of all the brave Birds that ever I see
 The *Owle* is the fairest in her degree,
 For all the day long she sits in a tree,
 And when the night comes away flies she;
 To whit, to whow, to whom drinkst thou?

Sir Knave to thou;

This song is well sung, I make you a vow,
 And he is a knave that drinketh now.
 Nose, Nose, Nose, and who gave thee that jolly red Nose?
 Nutmegs and Cloves, and that gave thee thy jolly red Nose.

27 *Catch.*

27 *Catch.*

This Ale, my bonny Lads, is as brown as a berry,
Then let us be merry here an hour;
And drink it ere it's sowre:
Here's to thee lad,
Come to me lad;
Let it come Boy, to my Thumb Boy.
Drink it off Sir, 'Tis enough Sir;
Fill mine Host *Toms* Pot and Toast.

28 *Catch.*

What are we met? come let's see
If here's enough to sing this Glee;
Look about, count your number,
Singing will keep us from crazy slumber;
1, 2, and 3, so many there be that can sing,
The rest for wine may ring:
Here is *Tom*, *Jack* and *Harry*,
Sing away and do not tarry,
Merrily now let's sing, carouse and tipple,
Here's *Bristow* Milk, come suck this nipple,
There's a fault Sir, never halt Sir, before a cripple.

29 *Catch.*

Jog on, jog on, the Foot path-way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
Your merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.
Your paltry many bags of Gold,
What need have we to stare for,
When little or nothing soon is told,
And we have the less to care-for:

Cast care away, let sorrow cease,
 A Fig for Melancholy;
 Let's laugh and sing, or if you please
 VVe'll frolick with sweet *Dolly*.

30 *Catch.*

VVhat fortune had I poor Maid as I am
 To be bound in eternal vow,
 For ever to lye by the side of a Man
 That would, but know's not how:
 Oh can there no pity
 Be in such a City,
 VVhere Lads enough are to be had!

Unfortunate Girle, that art wed to such woe,
 Go seek thee a lively Lad,
 And let the poor that hath nothing to shew
 Go seek for another as bad:
 Then call for no pity
 Thou dwelt in a City,
 VVhere Lads enough were to be had.

31 *Catch.*

Fly Boy, Fly Boy, to the Cellars bottom,
 View well your Quills and bung Sir,
 Draw wine to preserve the Lungs Sir,
 Not rascally wine to Rot u'm:
 If the Quill runs foul,
 Be a trusty foul, and cane it;
 For the Health is such
 An ill drop will much profane it.

32 *Catch.*

32 *Catch.*

Diogenes was merry in his Tub,
And so let us be at our Club;
'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More then either wine, sleep, or Food.

Let each man keep his Heart at ease,
No man e're dy'd of that disease;
'Twill alwayes keep thy body in health,
Then value it above thy wealth.

'Tis sadness and grief that doth bring
Diseases in *Autumn* and *Spring*;
Then welcome harmless mirth I say,
The more we laugh the more we may.

33 *Catch.*

What if we drink, let no man think
There's Treason in the Cup,
'Gainst the King it is not any thing, 'tis a plot
To blow our sorrow up.

Ne're charge pure wine with such design,
'Tis too noble, fill the Glas,
Let's be free without fear, Loyaltie liveth hear.
In vino veritas.

34 *Catch.*

A Fig for care, why should we spare
The Parish is bound to find us,
For thou and I and all must dye,
And leave the world behind us.

The Clerk shall Sing, the Bells shall Ring
And the Old Wives wind us;
Sir *John* shall lay our Boues in Clay,
VWhere no body means to find us.

35 *Catch.*

Had she not care enough, care enough,
 Care enough of the old man?
 She wed him, she fed him,
 And to the bed she led him;
 For seven long winters she lifted him on:
 But oh how she negl'd him, negl'd him,
 Oh how she negl'd him all the night long!

36 *Catch.*

Here's a Health unto his Majesty with a Fa la la, &c.
 Conversion to his Enemies with a Fa la la, &c.
 And he that will not pledge this Health,
 I wish him neither wit nor wealth,
 Nor yet a Rope to hang himself with a Fa la la, &c.

37. *Catch.*

Tom Sanders is he that draws us good Wine,
 At *Edmuntown* Town there hangs out his Signe;
 He carries the Bell for *Sack* and *Terse Clarret*,
Jack knowes it well and *Paul* will aver it:
 For *Mathew* and *Will* with the rest of the Voken,
 There's much might be said,
 But then more must be spoken.

38 *Catch.*

Ne're trouble thy self at the times nor their turnings,
 Afflictions run circular and wheel about;
 Away with thy murmuring and thy heart burnings,
 VVith the Juyce of the Grape we'l quench the fire out.

Ne're chain nor imprison thy soul up in sorrow,
 What fails us to day, may be friend us to morrow;
 Let us scorn our content from others to borrow.

39 *Catch.*

39 Out of *Anacreon.*

The thirsty Earth Drinks up the Rain,
And Drinks and gapes for Drink again;
The Plants suck in the Earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair;
The Sea it self, which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks ten Thousand Rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'reflow the Cup.

The busie Sun, and one would guess,
By's Drunken fiery Face no less,
Drinks up the Sea, and when that's done,
The Moon and Stars Drink up the Sun;
They Drink and Dance by their one light,
They Drink and Revel all the night;
Nothing in Nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.

(Cho.) *Fill up the Bowl and fill it high;
Fill all the Glasses here, for why
Should every Creature Drink but I?
Why man of Morrals, tell me why!*

Mr. A. Cowley.

40 *Catch.*

Good *Susan* be as secret as you can,
You know your Master is a jealous man;
Though thou and I do mean no hurt or Ill,
Yet Men take Women in the worse sense still;
And fear of Horns more grief in hearts hath bred,
Then wearing Horns doth hurt a Cuckolds head.

N

41 *Catch.*

41 *Catch.*

Sweet Jane, sweet Jane,
 I love thee wondrous well;
 But I'm afraid, thou'l't dye a Maid,
 And so lead Apes in Hell.

For why my Dear,
 'Tis pittie it should be so,
 Thou'dst better then to take a man
 And keep thee from the foe.

Thou art so pretty and fine,
 And wondrous handsome too;
 Then be not coy, let's get a boy,
 Alas! what should we do.

I see thy Brow, and I know
 What colour it is below;
 Then do not Jest, but smile the rest,
 I say I know, what I know,

42 *Catch.*

If wealth could keep a man alive,
 I'd only study how to thrive;
 That having got a mighty Mass
 Might bribe the fates to let me pass.

But since we can't prolong our years,
 Why spend we time in needless grief and fears;
 For since Dest'nie has decreed us to dye,
 And all must pass over the Ferry:
 Hang Riches and Cares,
 Since we han't many Years,
 Let's have a short life and a merry.

43 *Catch.*

43 Catch.

Times are changed from bad to worse ,
 Knavery thrives and fills apace the Purse
 It was a goodly Golden Age of Old ,
 But now the Age is mad for Gold ;
 Youth and Beauty play at wasters ,
 Is not this a mad world, my Masters ?

Couzenage is the praise of wit ,
 Letchery but a merry merry fit ,
 Pride a complement and grace ,
 Beauty an Adul'trate Face ;
 Drunkards now are call'd Boon wasters ,
 Is not this a mad world, my Masters ?

44 Catch.

Bess black as a Charcole ,
 Was found in a dark hole ,
 With Kit, at the Cat and the Fiddle ;
 But what they did there ,
 None safely can swear ,
 Yet Gentlemen Riddle my Riddle.

'Troth I would be loth ,
 Were I put to my oath,
 To swear Kit with Bess did ingender ;
 Yet it would tempt a man ,
 Bridle all he can ,
 His present wishes to tender.

But it was found at last ,
 E're twelve-months was past,
 That Christopher Bess had o're master'd ,
 For betwixt either Thigh
 He quartered so nigh ,
 She brought him a Jolly brown Bastard.

45 *Catch.*

A Womans rule should be in such a fashion ;
 Only to guide her household, and her passi on ;
 And her obedience never out of season ,
 So long as either Husbands lasts or Reason.

Ill fares that hapless Family that showes ,
 A Cock that's silent and a Hen that Crowes ;
 I know not which live most unnatural lives ,
 Obedient Husbands, or Commanding Wives.

46 *Catch.*

When *Wives* do hate their *Husbands* friends ,
 As jealous of some fearless ends ,
 And still an angry look she settles ,
 As if of late she'ad piss'd on Nettles.
Ware ho, ware ho, for then of force
The Mare will prove the better Horse.

When *women* will ever be nice ,
 Foolish, Proud and manly wise ;
 And their wanton humour Itches ,
 To were their *Husbands* widest Breeches.
Ware ho, ware ho, for then of force
The Mare will prove the better Horse.

47 *Catch.*

Then let us be friends, and most friendly agree ,
 The *Pimp*, the *Punch* and the *Doctor* are three ;
 That cannot but thrive when united they be.

The *Pimp* brings in custom, the *Punch* she gets treasure ,
 Of which the *Physician* is sure of his measure ,
 For work that she makes him in sale of her pleasure.

or which when she wears by Diseases or Pain ,
 The *Doctor* new Vamps, or Upsets her again ;
 The *Doctor* new Vamps or upsets her again.

48 *Catch.*

48 *Catch.*

A Pox on the Jaylor and on his fat Jole ,
There's liberty lies in the bottom of th' Bole,
A fig for what ever the Rascal can do ,
Our Dungeon is deep, but our Cups are so too ;
Then Drink we round in despite of our foes ,
And make our hard Irons cry clink in the close :
Now laugh we and quaff we , untill our rich Noses
Grow red, and contest with our chapplets of Roses.

49 Out of *Anacreon.*

When I tast my Goblet deep ,
All my cares are rock'd asleep ;
Then I am *Cræsus* Lord of th' Earth ,
Singing Odes of Wit and Mirth :
And with Ivy Garlands Crown'd ,
I can kick the Globe round, round.
Others Fight, but let me Drink ,
Boy, my Goblet fill to th' Brink ;
For when I lay down my Head ,
Better be Drunk, Dead-drunk, then dead.

FINIS.



*Although some of these merry Poems
Do seem to Halt on Crutches ,
Yet I doubt not, but they'l please you ,
For your charge, which not much is.*



Advertisement.

Those who for their Curiosity, and the more complement of these Ballads, Songs, or Catches, do desire the Tune to any of them, if they please to call at *John Playford's* shop in the *Temple*; he will accommodate them with the most of the said Tunes.

D66B



Books newly printed for *John Playford* at his
Shop in the *Temple*.

1. *Three Books of Ayres and Dialogues to sing to the Theorbo Lute or Viol, Compos'd by Mr. Henry Lawes and others, all bound in one Volum in Folio, the price 10 s.*

2. *The Musical Companion containing Catches, Ayres and Songs of 2, 3 and 4 Voyces, bound in one Volum in 4^o the price 3 s. 6 d.*

3. *A new Collection of Lessons for the Lyra Viol in 4^o Intituled Musicks Recreation on the Lyra Viol, fitted for young beginners, the price 2 s.*

4. *the Introduction to the skill of Musick both Vocal and Instrumental by John Playford in 8^o the price bound up 2 s.*

5. *Musicks Handmaid, a Book engraven on Copper Plates in 4^o. Containing 40 easie and pleasant Lessons for the Virginals the price 2 s.*

6. *Musicks Delight, containing new and pleasant Lessons on the Cithren, with Instructions for beginners, bound in 8^o the price 1 8 d.*

D66B